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From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

FAY BAITER

Who captured all playgoers' hearts as the Japanese princess in "The Willow Tree," is now a charming Chinese maiden in "East Is West"

THE STAGE AND THE NEW WORLD

A prominent churchman appeals to the playwright to rise to the opportunity created by the war. Being an interview with the

Rev. ERNEST MILMORE STIRES, D.D.

Rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York City



Dr. Stires has recently returned from France where he visited the front from Ypres to Verdun. What he saw abroad impressed him with the great opportunity which the present world crisis, unchaining as it has the big dramatic forces of war, holds out to the dramatist.—EDITOR.

DESTRUCTIVE criticism, in the sweep of modern sympathy, is not a useful quality. Therefore, it is not as a critic of the theatre, nor as a judge of the morals or decadence of the stage that I am glad to say a word about it.

There is a new proportion of spiritual nature, which has failed of expression in the drama, so far as I have been able to discover. Since playwrights should bear the burden of responsibility I prefer to address my personal opinion to them. There have been so-called "war plays" which seemed to me to contain neither the essence nor the substance of the big dramatic forces of war. They appear to me merely written within the technical rules of old-fashioned drama, localized with scenery that merely oppresses through its limitations, and filled with dialogue of a very familiar melodramatic character.

With the exception of one or two impressive war sentiments, moments of feeling such as the one-act play by Barrie, the war does not seem to have touched the heart or even the reason of the playwright. Of the plays which I am told are decadent in character, of certain farce-comedies and musical plays with undesirable appeals, I prefer to think as passing features in the dawn of a renaissance which must come to the theatre, as it has come to the hearts of the men who have been in the war, and to the hearts of those who have sustained them at home.



THE process through which a new world is being formed, a new sociology is being made, a time when the deeper aspiration of men and women, of children even, are awakening from a long sleep of false traditions, do not seem to have touched the playwright. I cannot believe that if the great modern play is written, if it contains a true appeal or an expression of the new aspiration which this reconstruction period is creating, when presented to any intelligent manager, that he would refuse to produce it. There is a fortune waiting for the playwright who can rise to the heights of stirring emotion, experienced by those youngsters who have gone over the top, who have looked over the edge of the world, have seen something which they perhaps cannot fully describe, but which they cannot forget. The supreme experience, which this war has impressed upon the new generation, is forcing itself upon all the arts, there is a new language, a new form, a new story to tell. The words, Justice, Liberty and Humanity, are not new, but as they have been staged in the vast amphitheatre of war in Europe, they present a new and enlarged dramatic meaning.

I am not assuming any knowledge of the business side of the theatre world, nor am I attempting to pass any judgment upon contemporary

production, but I should like to feel that the Stage is to be an ally of the Church in the great effort to interpret the divine message which has come to us out of the horror and the splendors of war. Its audience is the largest in the world, excepting only the printed page, the newspapers of the nations. It seems to me that the press has been trying to impart something of the mysterious spiritual forces which have been brought to its editorial staff by the returning soldiers and returning correspondents, and I am sure the Church has understood with the deepest sympathy what is in the eyes of the resolute men who have come back from the battlefield with a yearning in their hearts for something better, and in their souls a new dream of the future. But the stage appears to be singularly dumb, blind, mechanical in its effort to interpret these things. Related to the melodramatic incidents of the war, frequently made grotesque by the limited setting of the stage, struggling to catch the "popular" note of the war, the stage has entirely missed what has happened in the world.



NOT long ago, a celebrated actress, whose artistic career seems to have been imposed upon her in direct opposition to her own interpretation of her art, or rather her interpretation of her obligations to her art, came to my study in the church to discuss the demands which the play, in which she was appearing, made upon her nature. There were qualities in her part which were repugnant to her; there were moments in the play which she did not wish to interpret; the whole theme of the production seemed to check her soul's growth. My desire was to assist her in this complex emotional moment of her life, and it was necessary to approach the subject with sympathy. The greatest events in the lives of individuals cannot be adjusted intellectually; they must be understood and explained with sympathetic insight, rather than by the cold forces of the intellectual machine of which we are sometimes so proud. It developed during this private confession of the struggle which was going on between the artist and the woman in her career, that she felt that her art should be capable of turning its values into greater channels of thought and feeling than those which she was obliged to interpret in the theatre day by day. She felt something of this very lack in the theatre that I have been trying to indicate, the need of interpreting the great optimism of life which the war is crystallizing, instead of the pessimism of old traditions.



BUT the play has not been written that would seem to grasp such tremendous events as have been transpiring in the last four years. The war itself has been the birth-pangs of this new world, newly born through agony and pain heroically sustained. By logical conclusions, and certainly by sympathetic observation, by insight and understanding of the new emotions that have seized this very precious young generation, the playwright ought to realize some very great

plays. The impressive moments of any man who has been in the war-centre and which he remembers chiefly, are not concerned with the outward picturesque appearance of things, but with the extraordinary evolution of the emotions, with the marvelous dramatic changes occurring in the hearts and minds of human beings. It was not the horror of death and mutilation that was dwelt upon in the very midst of war, it was the constant stories of what men said and did, despite their physical pain, of what they felt despite the terror of shrapnel, and above all what these men were thinking about who were soon to return to face the necessities of civilian life.

During my visit to the war fronts in Europe I never heard anyone speak of the dramatic values of a dressing station, of the thrill of a base hospital, of the glory of a bayonet thrust. While the business of the hour, the zero hour, was dramatic enough for the most exacting of playwrights, the chief fact about these young men who went over exultingly, many of them never to return, was the supreme fearlessness and its cause. Its cause was simply a consciousness that they were right. That is one of the most dramatic and unreckoned themes for a play. With the consciousness that the acts of your life are beyond question right, all other analytical issues are swept aside. It was not a question of leaving it to your lawyer whether you ought to plunge head foremost into the certain death of a machine-gun ambush. It was not a question of whether your doctor thought it advisable to take the risk. It was not a question of your theology. It was simply a supreme *faits* in the justice of your own acts, and even the identity of these young men who went over the top under the impulse of their own conscience, was a matter of indifference to them.



IT was not a question of material welfare, of personal advantage, of individual success; and it is this marvelous experience through which these young men have passed, which has brought them back to us with a look in their eyes that makes the old traditions and standards of life feel ashamed.

It is difficult to convey just what has happened to these men who are pouring back into our civilian life to stimulate old ideals with new spirit. They come back to us bringing a new estimate of emotion, an entirely new language which should materially affect the dialogue of modern plays. The most dramatic incidents through which they have passed have not been merely local impressions, they have been actual changes of character unconsciously revealed by the things they have said and the things they have done. It is in the surprising changes of their emotion, of their standards of life, of what they expect from those they love at home that the modern playwright should find material for the new play. The soldiers may not be able to express the reconstruction of the social changes themselves, but they will quickly recognize the sincerity and truth of any playwright who attempts to interpret (Concluded on page 112)



Photos White

H. Cooper Cliffe, J. H. Gilmour, Flora MacDonald, Percy Marmont and Robert Barrat in "The Invisible Foe," Walter Hackett's spiritualistic play at the Harris



Harry A. Fisher

Edward S. Forbes

J. C. Kline

Patricia Collinge

Tillie faces an inquisition at the hands of the Mennonite elders in "Tillie," the play of sentiment and charm at Henry Miller's Theatre

SENTIMENT AND SPIRITUALISM ON BROADWAY

PERSONALITY PICTURES

Do "A Peach and a Lemon" Make a Perfect Pair?

By ZOE BECKLEY



IF I had to describe the Sydney Drews in a cablegram I should say "Pair of lovers." I might even leave out the first two words and save tolls. Yet "pair" has a special significance. It sounds permanent, speaks of mutual dependence, and peculiarly fits the Drews. They are the fairest pair you will find in a day's journey. They do not become a pair suddenly when the whistle blows as lots of matrimonial harness-mates do. Nor do they stay paired only "for social functions" like the cullud gent'man's razor. Or because being a pair has become a habit like coffee for breakfast. No, sir and madam, Sydney Drew and Lucille McVeigh, the girl off the farm, who were wedded a few years back are a pair bound by the threefold silken cord of love—mental, spiritual and physical. If everybody had that sort of love, everybody would be happy.

You know that the Drews have it as soon as Pa Drew comes bursting into Wife Drew's dressing room with a dilapidated bathrobe over his pink silky undies and, kissing her just below the ear, says:

"Lookit this letter, darlin'—just came from old Pete! Pete says he can get you that rug and davenport for seven hundred and eighty. Gosh—they're worth eleven hundred or I'm a Zulu!"

"You're a *angel*!" corrects Wife from Husband's left lapel. "You're—you're ten *angels*! Gee, won't that davenport be a dream on that mat in front of the new fireplace! Oh, Syd, that reminds me—did you order the hickory logs?"

"Yep; three feet, ten inches. They'll be delivered by the time we get home from the theatre to-night."



LAMB! Duck! Honey!!" exclaimed Wife comestibly, encircling Husband in a breathless grip.

Mr. Drew winked solemnly at the interviewer over his wife's young shoulder and remarked contentedly,

"Keep her smiling, eh what? Nothing else matters in the long run, hey? I tell you when a lemon marries a peach it means—"

"A perfect pair!" cuts in Miss McVeigh that was, closing her liege lord's mouth with a resounding kiss.

"He's as far from a lemon," she confided, as soon as the door shut behind him, "as New York is from Berlin, and that's pretty far every way you look at it."

The feminine half of the Drew team turned to the cold cream section of her dressing table. While she was rubbing and wiping, and laying on the lower stratum of the stuff that carries her fresh young prettiness over the footlights or into the camera's eye, I gave her a thorough and I think impartial o. o.

I can easily picture her on that Missouri farm where her folks all live. I see her a normal, wholesome flapper getting sort of sick of the slowness out there. Finding church socials and Dorcas societies a trifly spicelss and flat. Reading stray novels and *Ladies Home Journals*—and maybe a last year's copy of *THEATRE MAG!* Whee! Wouldn't the T. M. make any girl tired of going to the postoffice and stitching shimmies

for the South Sea Islanders? Yes, I can see Miss McVeigh growing tired and tired.

And as her bedroom mirror reflected an increasingly attractive form and face, with ambition and curiosity in the big gray eyes, determination in the jutting chin, a mouth all feminine and sweet, and a nose—ah, it surely was that nose she followed; straight, yet *up!*

Yes, Lucille McVeigh acted on the old bidding: "Follow your nose." It sniffed movie studios. The St. Louis ones were rather stuffy, so it



Sarony Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew

went on sniffing and pointing onward and upward and eastward till it reached the ozonic environs of Brooklyn.

There in a huge cinema factory was Pa Drew, directing. Pa Drew did not know it at the moment, but one fine morning his fate came battering at the outer portal. The portal was playing the part of a brass wicket that day, with the line: "No extras wanted." This is where Miss McVeigh's Missouriness provided the watchword.

"Show me!" she said. And before the watchdog could catch her, she marched right in and walked right up to Sydney Drew. Sydney was tired and mad. It was a warm day. His hat was hanging to his occipital promontory and a handkerchief was tucked in his collar. He, turning sharply from a bawl-out of the leading man found himself staring straight into the Missourian orbs of Miss McVeigh.

"From that moment," he told me recently, "it was all up with yours truly. She gave me one look. Then another one, and the words 'No help wanted' expired on my lips. I didn't want her. But I had to take her. Now I'm glad I did."

"Just why did you have to take her?" I blubbed, to see what he'd say.

"I'll tell you in three words," said Drew. "She looked clean. Clean, do you get me? In every

sense—clean of person, clean of soul and clean-minded. I smelt country air on her. I gambled with myself that she was good. And I won. She is good. There ain't so many good people knocking round this world hunting for stage jobs that I could afford to let this one get out of sight. So I grabbed her, that's all."

Miss McVeigh admits she was willing to be grabbed. She swears by her most sacred cold-cream jar that she is the happiest half of any stage couple in the world to-day. She does more. She proves she is no drone. The Missouri farm training may have inculcated the principle that he who eats must work. At all events Mrs. Drew shows her love by service, and many of the Drews' big moving picture stunts are worked out and put into scenario form by her. Early and late she clacks at her typewriter and doesn't care who knows it. Yet listen to this modesty:

"I turn out a lot of stuff, yes. But honest-to-goodness I wouldn't be one-two-six without Sydney Drew. He is an artist of the first class. Whatever I am, he has made me. He has taught me everything. He is the smartest man in the world, and the kindest. I take my hat off to him as an actor, an artist, a husband, a father, I can tell you it came close to heartbreak when Mr. Drew's boy gave his life in this past war. Yet he has pulled himself together and gone on like the brave, adorable fellow he is."

"I'm for reciprocity. I want to do my share of the work and my share of the love. I want to be partners with him in everything. I'd rather be Mrs. Sydney Drew than the Queen of England and Mary Pickford rolled in one. I don't want to keep my own name. I want to be Mrs. Sydney Drew—just that! And I'm so proud of being it that I can hardly stand it!"



EENTER Pa Drew again. "Proud o' what?" says he, catching the last words. "Got a new bonnet or somethin'? No? Well, go buy one! Say—" turning to me with a joyous grin, "that kid's got me buffaloed. She can have my shirt and my shoes and my heart and my bankroll. She can just have everything I've got, and then I'll go and get her some more." (Hug, hug.)

"After all," he resumed, shaking himself into a philosophic attitude (after the hug), "what better can a modern man do for a modern wife than—well, simply everything? Look around at most American husbands. What are they doing? They're digging, that's what. You've got to dig for the American wife. And she's worth it. Besides, digging's good for a man. Eight times in ten a man wouldn't get anywhere if he didn't have to scratch hard to keep the wife in dinners and moleskins.

"Take that play we did, 'Keep Her Smiling.' Remember poor 'Henry' sweating through three acts to keep the bill collector a couple o' jumps off the front piazza? Well—" Pop Drew tapped his thrown-out chest significantly—"that's me. And I'm glad to be it. 'Keep Her Smiling' is the greatest game on earth. If it makes her happy, gosh-all hemlock, it makes me happy."

That's the Drews, a perfect pair. Not a "peach and a lemon," but a peach and—shall we say, a plum.



Goldberg

CHRYSTAL HERNE

A versatile, charming and sympathetic actress is this daughter of the famous playwright, James A. Herne. Since her professional début at the age of sixteen, hers has been a varied theatrical experience. She has appeared with E. H. Sothern, Nat Goodwin and Arnold Daly, has been leading woman of the New Theatre in Chicago, and achieved considerable success in "As a Man Thinks" and "Polygamy." As Kristine, a victim of the Count's treachery in "The Riddle: Woman" at the Fulton Theatre, she adds another to her long list of hits

(Right)

MME. YORSKA

Must an actress possess beauty to achieve success? This has been a much mooted question ever since the theatre became a topic for discussion. Mme. Yorska is one who believes that the answer to the query is "Yes!" Possessed of force, personality and fine dramatic ability, her only requisite was a straight, chiseled nose. Unfortunately, nature had bestowed upon her one of aquiline shape. But with the aid of able doctors, she has caused a transformation to take place, and this latest photograph of her testifies that her nose is no longer a mar to her beauty.



Goldberg

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

New operas at the Metropolitan and some great artists of the concert stage

By PIERRE V. R. KEY



JUST as we had fancied Puccini ready for the cloister of oblivion, he discovered a fresh inkpot of inspiration, wrote "Il Tabarro" and "Gianni Schicchi," and thereby came out again under the sun. It was about time. For a dozen years the erstwhile facile Giacomo has trod the ragged edge. "The Girl of the Golden West" all but pushed him over. He has been a make-it-to-order operatic composer and perforce extremely dull. Now he can breathe easier. His fame will not rest upon either "Tabarro" or "Schicchi," but they at least prove him not utterly *de trop*, as "Suor Angelica" assuredly would have done had the two one-act companion operas not appeared on the musical platter the same evening.

Poor Sister Angelica. She started nowhere and ended in the same place. Puccini tried hard enough, which possibly was the main trouble. The event began auspiciously, with "Il Tabarro" leading its gruesome yet effective way in the Metropolitan's world première of the operatic triplets. The audience was atiptoe when "Suor Angelica" began, but despondent at the curtain's fall. The score at that juncture was fifty-fifty, with the ultimate result hanging in the balance.

Then came "Gianni Schicchi," and a sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. average ensued. Twice had Puccini attained his target once missing it completely. So he may be placed in the chair of success, even though no wreath for illustrious achievement should adorn his brow.



It is improbable that "Il Tabarro" ever will climb into a popular niche. The story is too repellent to sit through so soon after dinner. One doesn't revel in seeing a grim canalboat boss of the lowest class huddle against his knees the corpse of his strangled victim not though a voluminous cloak covers the thing. Nor the climax, wherein the wayward wife is seized and forcibly thrust into the flopping arms of her dead lover.

Still, there is a picturesqueness about the scene, with its canalboat deck in the foreground and Notre Dame cathedral in the distance beyond the Seine. It has the atmosphere of a part of Paris; and it is very real. But it is well that there is only a single act. Such characters as appear in the story have been dug out of the lowest strata of life. They reek of all which most of us elect not to touch and prefer to see as little of as possible.

The music of "Il Tabarro" is colorful music of the so-called modern kind. Too close analysis of it is not good for Puccini, because he has written more spontaneously in his earlier days. Nevertheless, the score gets across, which is the main thing, and principally for the reason that the composer understands writing for the theatre. We tremble for what he might evolve for a symphony orchestra; but give him a libretto and, if he be in the mood, he is likely to accomplish a workmanlike task.

For once since he joined the Metropolitan forces last November Giulio Crimi made us sit up in our seats. He was the incautious Luigi who mistook for the agreed-upon signal of his married sweetheart the match-flare of the muscular husband, thereby paying for his indiscretion

a violent penalty. Before that Mr. Crimi's tenor voice was pleasurable to hear. The music, as the Italians say, "was right in his throat"; and he acted into the bargain with convincing naturalness.

Claudio Muzio made a seductive-looking Giorgetta; she also took kindly to the notes Puccini meant the soprano should sing. Luigi Montesanto, who choked Mr. Crimi so realistically that sensitive ladies in the audience felt inclined to scream, redeemed himself for some worthless singing in other operas. For one thing there was less wobble in his tones. None of the others in the "Il Tabarro" cast had overmuch to do. Yet a few words in praise of Alice Gentle's Frugola are not amiss; here is a clever American mezzosoprano who possesses intelligence and the acting sense.



BY the time Geraldine Farrar had finished dying in the white robes of *Suor Angelica* (a rôle she did as much with as any artist could) the people were soundly steeped in melodrama and tragedy. So the comedy of "Gianni Schicchi" was as the sun after a storm.

Dear old mischievous Schicchi. He's a character. What an upset he made of things, too, for the pseudo-mourning relatives of the recently departed Donato. For them it was out of the frying pan into the fire, when Schicchi donned nightgown and his comic-looking cap and masquerading as the dying Donato dictated to the notary a new will leaving everything of value to himself. Capital humor, you may be sure, for the audience; but hard on the relatives, whose complicity in the plot held them incapable of protest.

Puccini becomes positively effervescent in this opera. His music sparkles and rolls on like a dancing mountain stream. And in it is one theme—to donate the mock sorrow of Donato's relatives, assembled about his bedside—that is a gem. One welcomes its frequent repetition.

Giuseppe De Luca was Gianni Schicchi; vocally sonorous and artistically polished to the tips of his sensitive fingers. Florence Easton, the finest lyric soprano now at the Metropolitan, was heard from in a way that prompted the audience to stop the performance long enough for her to repeat her beautifully sung aria. Kathleen Howard, Marie Sundelius, Adamo Didur, Louis D'Angelo, Paolo Ananian and Andres de Segurola also contributed, and admirably, important bits in an ensemble requiring the liveliest action and delivery of music and text to keep "Gianni Schicchi" in its champagne-like course. Roberto Moranconi conducted all three operas as a capable maestro should, and does, who knows his craft and has had sufficient rehearsals.



ANOTHER operatic outpouring of dissimilar texture was the long anticipated "Oberon." If one happens to be a dyed-in-the-wool critic we shall be sharply challenged for calling "Oberon" opera. Forthwith, therefore, we withdraw the appellation. Nevertheless, it will pass as opera, even though it is but a story with musical garnishment altogether better than the thin dramatic fabric it overshadows. For the tale wanders

around Robin Hood's barn until virtually lost in the shuffle, and takes a place distinctly inferior to the last music Weber ever penned.

The musical version was Artur Bodanzky's very own; and a considerable part of the superlative artistic triumph arose from his judicious and sympathetic pruning and rearrangement, as well as the numerous recitatives he felt it fitting to write. So "Oberon," as Metropolitan patrons heard and saw it, was a more compact fairy-work than the one made to order for its London production, nearly a century ago. Quite as important in the accomplishment attending the revival, which was sung in English, was Mr. Bodanzky's conducting. He surpassed himself, thereby delighting his admirers and confounding his critics.

There are stretches of tediousness in the score, yet enough of what is genuinely distinctive obtains to invite unbounded respect. Incidentally, Weber again reminded one of the debt later composers owe him for what he taught.

On its visual side "Oberon" may come unflinchingly into the light. The nine scenes Joseph Urban designed are things to see. In form and color, which the deft lightings enhance, no one will find them taking a secondary place amongst the notable settings which the Metropolitan has fashioned. So, also, were the costumes worth beholding.



IT is fortunate that such a propitious start was made in the efforts of Messrs. Bodanzky and Urban, because the principals did not shatter any record marks. Rosa Ponselle, whose glorious dramatic soprano and exceptional talent give her at the outset a preferred position, snatched what vocal honors there were. She faced a huge task in the rôle of Rezia. Only a great artist could do it full justice. Still, Miss Ponselle was not completely overweighted. Her voice was as satiny and cream-like as ever, and she sang with intelligent discretion. But "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" is not for her—just yet. Time enough, later on, for that.

Mr. Martinelli is a serviceable tenor, but not in Weber's flowing airs. He tried to bark them, which was a mistake. Mr. Althouse, as Oberon, was no fairy-king; not by any means. You saw Forty-second and Broadway in every gesture of Mr. Althouse's well-nurtured physique. Mme. Delaunois—speaking of bodily contour—was quite something else in her silken fleshings. She sang prettily, too, Puck's music.

Miss Gentle put into Fatima a deal of life and some passable singing; but Albert Reiss's tinny whines and Teutonic English and ludicrous costuming, along toward the conclusion of things, left us fluctuating between puzzlement and mirth. However, "all's well that ends well"—which is what happens in "Oberon."

Besides the performances we have touched upon there have been many others during the past month at the Metropolitan; some very good, others scarcely worth the \$6 a seat which the public paid to find this out. Caruso is still Caruso, for which Mr. Gatti thanks his stars; and there are a few others who assist materially in keeping the operatic kettle boiling. Very soon one or two new artists will make their first appearances, and several familiar to us who have been



GUIOMAR NOVAES

The young Brazilian who concert-goers have accepted as a marvel at the piano. Her recent appearance was a great success



White

Giulio Crimi as the incautious Luigi and Claudio Muzio as his married sweetheart in "Il Tabarro," one of Puccini's operatic triplets which had a world première at the Metropolitan recently



ALFRED CORTOT

The distinguished Frenchman, who is in America for the first time this season, proves himself a great artist at the piano



Mishkin

MISCHA LEVITSKI

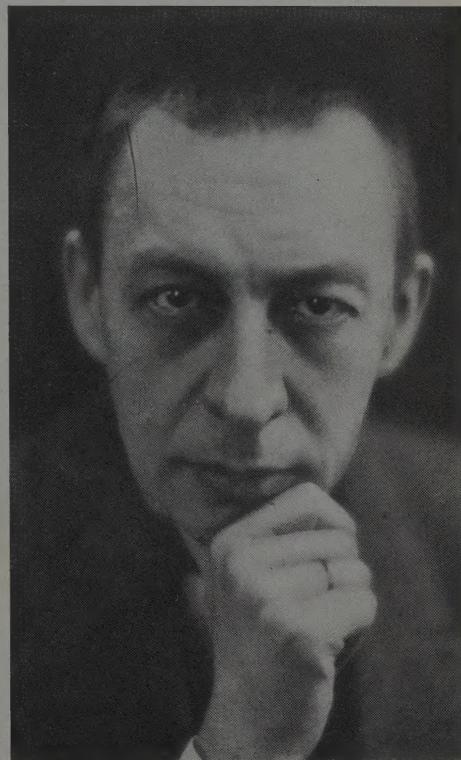
Another pianist whose art proves a delight to music lovers



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ROBERT COUZINOU

The young and sympathetic baritone of the Metropolitan Opera, who has had considerable success as the Great High Priest in "Samson," is a veteran of the war, for he took part in campaigns in Belgium and the Marne and won four citations for bravery



Mishkin

SERGE RACHMANINOFF

A gifted Russian composer, conductor and pianist

busy elsewhere during the early part of the season.

A pianist who respects both his art and instrument and never shatters either with onslaughts out of time or place is Alfred Cortot. He does not bury his face in the keyboard when he plays. Neither is he given to calisthenics in the midst of some *bravura* passage. His effects are those gained by a serious musician who believes in the harmonious joining of pianistic emotionalism and intellectuality.

Mr. Cortot is a great artist of such impressive dignity in both method and manner that his inherent worth to the average concert patron is not invariably a matter of immediate comprehension. Shunning artifice, this distinguished Frenchman—who is in America this season for the first time—commands admiration for his accomplishments quite as much as respect for the modesty with which he conceals under the proverbial bushel his resplendent light. France did not make Mr. Cortot Minister of Fine Arts because he can play the pianoforte immeasurably better than most artists of to-day. He has intellect, as his recent recital and symphony orchestra appearances abundantly proved.

A pianist who proceeds in a course of similar usefulness is Mischa Levitzki. Barely of legal

age he approaches his art so sensibly, with such large resources and in so straightforward a style, that to hear him play is to hear one of the best. Guiomar Novaes, the young Brazilian pianistic marvel, shares with Mr. Levitzki the honor of being one of the two newcomers in the past few years whom the hearer could accept with respect.

Different temperamentally, and therefore a different performer upon the pianoforte, is Serge Rachmaninoff whose fame for the masses will ever emanate from his C sharp minor Prelude. Mr. Rachmaninoff is Russian and therefore musically brusque. A gifted composer and an equally gifted orchestra conductor, he slips a bit when he sits down before a keyboard. He was by turns artificial and real; inconsistent in his tone colorings and spasmodic in everything he did in his single and first New York recital in eight years.

Emerging from his touch of influenza, Jascha Heifetz remained out of bed long enough to give us two unforgettable interpretations of the Brahms violin concerto. One of these must remain the standard for other fiddlers to shoot at; as shoot they will—in all likelihood unsuccessfully.

So it has gone throughout the month: quan-

tity in which quality played an assuaging part. We enjoyed Hulda Lashanka's lovely soprano (that would be still lovelier if more naturally used), and we liked the way Reinhard Werrenrath started singing on the first day of the New Year.

We haven't been able, however, to sleep in comfort at any Philharmonic concert because of Josef Stransky's eccentric conducting nor to refrain from wonderment at the new-dance steps Walter Damrosch invents on that new "bridge" of his. Fortunately it has a brass rail that prevents Walter from doing a back dive under his vehement up and down arm motions; but what of it? The New York Symphony Orchestra plays mighty well.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski, paid us two visits that left, in a single instance, an agreeable impression. What wasn't so agreeable, by the way, was the Oratorio Society's "Messiah" performance; a dull, flat affair we could not endure to the end.

But the musical average for the month was commendably high. We think we crave perfection, which is a delusion.

Otherwise we should not be able to complain, which is as human as the inability to attain perfection.

GEORGE GAUL—VERSATILITY PLUS

The young actor who plays leads in the Dunsany plays has run the dramatic gamut from a negro servant to Romeo

By LESLIE CURTIS



"If I were starting a stock company in New York," said Daniel Frohman, "George Gaul would be my leading man. He is a most promising young actor."

It is not often that such a young man, riding the high wave of success, remains the unspoiled boy of pre-professional days. There is no con-



White

GEORGE GAUL

ceit about George Gaul; he never talks about himself.

"If actors could divorce personality from their work," he said earnestly, "it would be better all around. Art suffers when the artist becomes puffed with conceit. He is merely a medium to express art and should not consider himself more important than the art he expresses. Personally, I always try to remember a little quo-

tation that runs something like this: 'It's the torch that the people follow, whoever the bearer be.' Art is the torch; the actor merely the bearer."

Gaul's appearance as Job brought him many strange letters. A woman, whose only son had been killed in France, wrote, "I had lost all belief in God until I saw you as Job—and when I heard your beautiful voice say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' my faith was restored and bitterness has departed."

In spite of great capacity for serious work in rôles like Job, Mr. Gaul has a keen sense of humor. His brown eyes twinkle and his smile is genuine. In discussing his success as the old negro servant in "Seventeen," he remarked, "I was never sure that the black was all off. Everybody seemed to be looking intently at my neck or back of my ears. That season was spent mostly in the bath tub."

He laughs over the days when good Madame Joubert aided his artistic financial depression with twenty-five cent meals, for in spite of youth, talent, personality, soulful orbs, deep voice and a natural marcel wave, between seasons idleness was more tragic than funny.

"The first step in the right direction," says Mr. Gaul, "is the Dramatic School. It is the short cut to opportunity, for it eliminates long years of hardship on the road and gives a man his chance on Broadway before experience has crushed all the youth and exuberance out of him. The Academy sandpapers the prospective Thespian and after one year of general repairing and another of stock appearances here in New York, the graduate starts out with the asset of youth and enthusiasm. The older I grow the more I realize what the Dramatic School has done for me."

Which is rather nice of him, isn't it?



From a photograph by Johnston

ETHEL STANDARD

A young and winsome Southern girl, who scored a signal success in the name part of "The Little Belgian," a war play which never reached New York, and who charmed audiences in "Upstairs and Down," is now appearing as the bride in Mark Swan's French farce, "Keep It To Yourself," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre

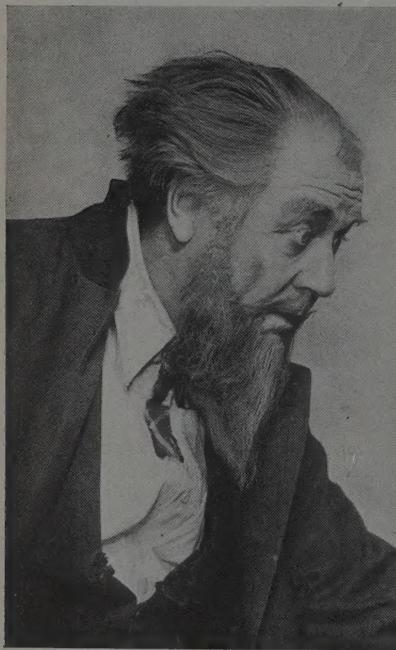
IN THE SPOTLIGHT

LEW FIELDS discovered Helen Hayes with his star-seeking telescope. For she is to be a star after this season, the Rialto has heard and believes. She was a child, nevertheless the star pupil of a dancing class in Washington. Mr. Fields while playing in Washington saw her at an amateur entertainment at the Belasco Theatre. He offered her, through her mother, an engagement with him in "Old Dutch." She was



HELEN HAYES

seen later in "Summer Widowers" and "The Never Homes." Charles Frohman engaged her for the child part in "The Prodigal Husband," in which she supported John Drew. Last season she headed a "Pollyanna" company that toured the Pacific Coast. She is playing the artist's might-have-been daughter in the mystic wood scene in "Dear Brutus," pending George Tyler's finding a suitable play in which to star her



White

HUBERT DRUCE

ONLY second to John Barrymore's success in "Redemption" was that won by Hubert Druce. Mr. Druce is an English actor, who plays the old drunkard and beggar in the Tolstoi tragedy. Although he is on the stage less than ten minutes, he makes a profound impression by the realism, overlaid by pathos, of his performance. He is a graduate of the Benson and the Ben Greet Players. Granville Barker pressed him into service for his season at Wallack's Theatre. He appeared in "Under Cover" and "The Blue Pearl." He seemed to have been doomed by his excellence as butlers of personality to play that kind of roles until Arthur Hopkins cast him for the derelict at the Plymouth Theatre.



White

JOBYNA HOWLAND

SHÉ believed herself doomed by her height to dowager roles and living fashion plates, until she caught the ear of a manager who listened while she repeated, she says, for the millionth time in ten years, "But I can play comedy. Give me a chance to prove it." Eugene Walter was the actor-manager who listened. He gave Jobyna Howland her chance last spring as the comedy-pervaded adventuress in his "Nancy Lee." Her comedy was acclaimed as fresh, unspoiled, original. Accordingly the Shuberts, when they were casting the Rachel Crothers play, "A Little Journey," recalled Miss Howland's spring comedy and applied to it the test of the more difficult and discriminating winter audience. Again she delighted her auditors. Life is one jubilation after another to her because she has lived down her six feet one inch. True, that height served her well when it inspired Charles Dana Gibson to create the Gibson Girl, long-limbed and supercilious. But Miss Howland wants also to live down her model memories. She began her theatrical career as leading woman for James K. Hackett. She was more recently seen in the Winter Garden productions, in "Ourselves" and "Rosedale."



White

LOUISE ALLEN

SHÉER no more at Flatbush. For thence came Louise Allen. She of the wandering blue eyes, the fair, mutinous curls, and the imitable roguishness, who adds a great deal to the spice of life in "Somebody's Sweetheart" at the Central Theatre. She went from the Brooklyn High School to the Park Opera Company, a strong organization, for the production of musical offerings in St. Louis, where she was, as now, a fellow-player with William Kent. She came to New York to seek her fortune. Fate and Victor Herbert cast her for a small part in "Eileen." She contributed her curls, her eyes and her impish spirit to "Toot Toot." As a member of the American Singers' Society she sang Pitti Sing in "The Mikado" at the Park Theatre. There Arthur Hammerstein heard her and invited her to play Bessie Williams in Alonzo Price's operetta

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



EMPIRE. "DEAR BRUTUS." Comedy in three acts by J. M. Barrie. Produced on December 23 with this cast:

Mr. Dearth	William Gillette
Mrs. Dearth	Hilda Spong
Mrs. Purdie	Sam Sothern
Mrs. Purdie	Myrtle Tannehill
Mr. Coade	Grant Stewart
Mrs. Coade	Marie Wainwright
Lob	J. H. Brewer
Matey	Louis Calvert
Joanna Trout	Elisabeth Risdon
Lady Caroline Lancy	Violet Kemble Cooper
Margaret	Helen Hayes

TO Sir James M. Barrie has been accorded an apparent monopoly in Fairyland as a theatrical *locale*. Like Peter Pan he believes in elves. Not even a Yeats depends more upon them for inspiration.

Is it that I am growing blasé, that I do not find myself responding as freely as of yore to these whimsical fancies? I confess that charmed as I was by parts of "Dear Brutus," there were portions that bored me excessively. The second act seemed to me interminable and ingenuous as was the final one, I was quite appalled, after one character settled on an explanation of what had happened to him, to realize that five more were necessarily to follow with their individual views as to what had been their experience.

There is no more positively established literary superstition than that Sir James always turns out masterpieces. The author of "The Little Minister," nods as occasionally as did the immortal Homer.

The exposition of "Dear Brutus" is masterly. A houseparty has gathered for "Midsummer Night" at the house of Mr. Lob, a quaint eccentric little figure suggestive as to dress and make-up of the early part of the last century—an elderly Puck of 1825. It is his purpose to induce his guests to enter into the enchanted wood where each who does so has another chance in life, an opportunity to make good, "the life that might have been." All but an elderly matron make the experiment.

Then comes the interlude in which like "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Palace of Truth" by the late Sir W. S. Gilbert, universal metamorphoses result. The exquisite woman of fashion becomes enamored of the pilfering butler, now a rich shady financier (shades of Titania and Bottom), the philandering husband turns from his affinity to pursue his own wife. The childless artist steeped in dissipation, unkempt

and hopeless, has a long scene with the daughter of his dreams and so on through the *dramatis personæ*. In the ultimate act each returns into his original self. For some the experience has taught its lesson, for others not much may be expected. Herein lies the application of the title; an excerpt from "Julius Caesar"—

*"the fault dear Brutus is not in our stars;
But in ourselves that we are underlings."*

As I said before, so sure and entertainingly were the premises set forth, it seemed as if a comedy of surpassing brilliancy was to be revealed to a long awaiting public, but except for occasional flashes of true Barriesque wit and fancy, what followed slumped. The original promise was never fulfilled.

The real acting honors went to three men and a girl. The Lob of J. H. Brewer was truly poetical in its elfish urge and eccentric activity. Louis Calvert, a fine actor in every sense, looked the butler and realized the perfect attitude of the vulgarian promoter. Sam Sothern brought easy distinction and polite authority and humor to the rôle of the philanderer while Helen Hayes as the possible daughter was a real girl, bubbling over with enthusiasm yet devoid of all theatrical consciousness. William Gillette was the artist. Mr. Gillette's personality and methods are so marked, that few characters, save of his own composition, ever fit him. The dissipation of Dearth was well suggested. His pathos left me cold. Hilda Spong as his wife, Grant Stewart and Marie Wainwright as an elderly couple and Myrtle Tannehill as the philanderer's wife satisfied. Violet Kemble Cooper looked and acted as if she were of the class she presented, and albeit a trifle strenuous in speech Elisabeth Risdon was femininely alluring as Miss Trout. Homer Emens is an artist in every sense. His fairy wood was exquisite in tone and treatment.

LITTLE. "A LITTLE JOURNEY." Comedy in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced on December 26 with this cast:

Mrs. Bay	May Galyer
Lily	Nancy Winston
Mrs. Welch	Jobyna Howland
Porter	Richard Quilter
Jim West	Cyril Keightley
Annie	Gilda Varesi

Frank	Victor La Salle
Charles	Theodore Westman, Jr.
Kitty Van Dyke	Elma Royton
Ethel Halstead	Vera Fuller Mellish
Julie Rutherford	Estelle Winwood
Alfred Beamis	Edward Lester
Mr. Smith	William A. Mortimer
Leo Stein	Paul E. Burns
Conductor	Douglas Patison
Pullman Conductor	John Robb

THE story of "A Little Journey," Rachel Crothers' new comedy at the Little Theatre is somewhat tenuous for a full evening's entertainment. To piece it out there is palpable effort in the introduction of its episodic details, but they fit in so well and the whole piece with its freshness of observation, clean-cut character drawing and dialogue, snappy, witty and true to life, makes it an entertainment that may safely be commended.

The first two acts take place in a Pullman car where a well selected stock of overland passengers are gathered together. The heroine, Julie Rutherford, is a refined helpless girl, who by the death of an aunt is forced to go west and live with a brother. She loses her ticket. An attractive young rancher insists on helping her out. They are mutually drawn together, but her despair is such that she longs for an end of it all. The rancher, Jim West, has through his own mistakes and troubles, taken a grip on himself and worked out a philosophy with which he tries to cheer her. There is an accident and the final act finds the assorted set of passengers bumped, bruised and broken, waiting for relief in an Arizona oasis. The danger through which they have passed has its regenerating influence. Julie and Jim resolve to work the future out together and in addition to start life with a ready-made baby, whose unfortunate mother was killed in the crash.

The two J's. are charmingly and refreshingly acted by Estelle Winwood and Cyril Keightley. Jobyna Howland is adroitly comic as a *nouveau riche* and Gilda Varesi unobtrusively touching as the mother who loses her life. Deft bits of character are contributed by Nancy Winston, Victor La Salle, Theodore Westman, Jr., Wm. A. Mortimer, Paul E. Burns and Richard Quilter.

VANDERBILT. "THE GENTLE WIFE." Play in four acts by Rita Wellman. Produced on December 24 with this cast:

David Davis	David Powell
Mrs. Davis	Vera Gordon
Jacob Davis	W. H. Thompson
Christiana	Mrs. A. Asheroff
Ruby	Amy Dennis
Eva Goldschmidt	Litta Malie
Herman Goldschmidt	Stanley Jessup
Naida	Emily Stevens
Jane Allen	Eleanor Montell
Dr. Mackenzie	Frank Conroy
Dr. Hotchkiss	Charles Hammond
Caroline	Virginia Curtis

THAT so astute and gifted a producer as Arthur Hopkins should even consider, let alone produce, so stale, flat, and unprofitable a play as "The Gentile Wife" is one of the inscrutabilities of the American theatre. And equally mystifying is the fact that an actress of Miss Emily Stevens's intellectual capacities should choose to appear in so dreary a bit of amateurishness when there are so many real plays unacted.

Mixed marriage and racial prejudice and determinism are subjects which only extraordinary skill can render attractive in the theatre. Rita Wellman's heroine unknowingly marries a Jew, is thrown with his family, is driven by their notions and manners to desperation, and strolls out into the garden at midnight with a "magnetic" Christian.

The next morning the Jewish husband shoots the Christian interloper, and the Gentile wife relapses into squawking hysteria. During his trial for murder the husband escapes and is about to flee to South America with his wife; but a slight incident illustrates his slavery to the racial call, and she leaves him forever.

With the possible exception of the Jewish mother, appealingly played by Vera Gordon, the characters are all vague and uncertain. Whatever thought underlies the play is also decidedly cloudy, and the dialogue is lifeless and inert. Add to these defects the almost complete inaudibility of many of the players, and you can readily understand why the Christmas eve audience developed into a coughing chorus.

The good acting of Miss Stevens was done entirely in repose. When she spoke—well, Mrs. Fiske at her worst never surpassed the younger actress in distressing unintelligibility. As her Jewish spouse David Powell was entirely too effeminate. None of the other acting—save Miss Gordon's—was exceptional.

Robert Edmond Jones created for the production some weird and astounding settings.

ASTOR. "EAST IS WEST." Comedy in three acts and a prologue by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Produced on December 25 with this cast:

Attendant on Love-Boat	William J. Kline
Proprietor of Love-Boat	
Billy Benson	Edwin Maxwell
Lo Sang Kee	Forrest Winant
Customer	Lester Lonergan
Hop Toy	William Tennyson
Ming Toy	Harry Hugueneot
Chang Lee	Fay Bainter
Servant	Chas. Mussett
James Potter	Arthur Ginson
Charlie Yang	Hassard Short
Mildred Benson	George Nash
Mrs. Benson	Ethel Intropiadi
Thomas	Martha Mayo
Andrew Benson, Frank Kemble Cooper	Martin Wells
Miss Claybrook	Louise Seymour
Miss Fountain	Marta Spear
Mrs. Davis	Eva Condon
Mr. Davis	Walter Hart

IF a manager knows enough to engage such an expertly artistic technical director as Livingston Platt, why doesn't his gray matter work consistently and give Mr. Platt something worth while expending his talents on? Possibly this is the answer; he selected the play first and losing faith summoned all the artistic resources possible for its salvation.

This conclusion I think is why the production of "East is West" is so immeasurably superior to the subject-matter. There is nothing particularly novel about this comedy, except the Chinese setting of the prologue, for its protagonist, a Chinese maiden, bought to be saved from worse than slavery is of that inevitable type, the element which introduced into any household turns it topsy-turvy. This time there is a mutual love affair between her and the scion of the Caucasian home. A perilous racial problem to solve. Would you believe it, the maiden stolen in her childhood, wasn't Chinese at all? Italian blood accounted for her exotic type. A little melodrama, politely diluted, of the King of the Opium Ring, Chinatown Charlie, etc., type serves as a foil to comedy scenes supplied by the heroine's misuse of words and the always doing of the wrong thing with bewitching naivete and innocence.

Fay Bainter plays this pseudo Chinese rôle with perfect conventional pertness. I thought her rather unpleasantly aggressive. A staid kindly Chinese merchant was nicely personated by Lester Lonergan, while George Nash, as a villainous power in Chinatown, combined the dramatic and comic with expert technical balance. Hassard Short was himself in a light comedy rôle.

Artistic, beautiful and in charming taste were Mr. Platt's Chinese accessories.

44TH STREET. Fritz Leiber as Hamlet.

I WILL admit to one feminine weakness. I like my Hamlets to be good-looking. And just before the Christmas holidays my weakness was humored for Fritz Leiber, long time Mantell's leading man, at a special matinée at the 44th Street Theatre, appeared as the Melancholy Dane.

His countenance has just the cast for the rôle, for in addition to finely chiseled features it bespeaks the needed intelligence through the imposing brow, the thin lips, quivering nostril and big brilliant and expressive eyes. He has presence, too, a good figure which he bears with grace and instinct dignity. So much for the externals.

Histrionically, Mr. Leiber has had a valued experience in a now almost extinct school. He thoroughly knows the fundamentals of the poetic drama. He is possessed of its traditions and he senses values, save two at least. The worth of a graded crescendo has eluded him and considering that he reads with a nice appreciation of rhythm and sense he is careless in his diction. He pinches his voice and produces nasal tones for he will not open his mouth. In this way consonants and vowels equally suffer. I wish, too, there was a little more elegance in some of his pronunciations.

The scenes with the Ghost be tokened the requisite awe at the revelation of the murder. The soliloquies were varied and interesting. Incertitude of mental purpose marred the scene in Gertrude's closet but the finale was spirited, poetic and touching. All that Mr. Leiber wants is repetition in the rôle. As a first attempt it is worthy of high praise. There is distinct space in the stellar firmament for such a richly endowed young player as Fritz Leiber.

CENTRAL. "SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART." Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Alonzo Price, music by Antonio Bafunno. Produced on December 23 with this cast:

A Troubador	Rose De Granada
Andrews	Bernard Gorcey
Colonel Williams	Albert Sackett
Harry Edwards	Walter Scanlan
Helen Williams	Eva Fallon
Roderic, Spanish Prince	Arthur Klein
Bessie Williams	Louise Allen
Sam Benton	William Kent
Machaquito	Chester Brown
Dolores	Carmen Granada
Zaida	Nonette
Ben Hud	John Dunsmure
Scipio	Basil Stratti
Oriental Dancer	Veronica

BEFORE the end of the season, B "Somebody's Sweetheart" most likely will be everybody's sweetheart—that is, everybody who patronizes

musical comedy. Not for its story, however, for that is of the conventional type. The opening scene is a "Square in Spain" and gives opportunity for colorful costumes, troubadours, gypsies, etc. The music is delightful throughout, and captivates from start to finish. There are seventeen musical numbers, all of them with melody, pep and go.

But catchy as the lyrics are, first honors go to the cast and particularly to William Kent, who is undoubtedly the funniest comedian New York has seen in many a day. His own interpretation of the latest "shiver" dance made the cast themselves laugh. You can imagine how the audience received it! Louise Allen, as dainty and charming as ever, was an able accomplice to the inimitable Kent. Nonette, with her violin and voice, stopped the show, and Veronica, an Oriental dancer, displayed unusual terpsichorean skill. Eva Fallon, Walter Scanlan and John Dunsmure were among the others who "put across" their songs.

Here is a musical comedy that really lives up to its name!

M A N H A T T A N O P E R A H O U S E. "THE VOICE OF McCONNELL." Comedy with songs by George M. Cohan. Produced on December 25 with this cast:

Hendricks	Roy Cochran
Bell Boy	Arthur Shields
J. Austin Severard	Edward Fielding
Waiter	H. P. Woodley
Tom McConnell	Chauncey Olcott
Miss Giles	Edna Leslie
Miss Hemingway	Agnes Gildea
Mr. Jackson	Fletcher Harvey
Mr. Sullivan	David V. Wall
Miss Embree	Wilda Marie Moore
Mrs. Dwight McNamara	Mrs. Alice Chapin
Evelyn McNamara	Gilda Leary
Barry	Edward O'Connor
Susan	Elsie Lyding
Harry McNamara	Richard Taber
Douglas Graham	Harold de Becker
Miss Collinsby	Constance Beaumar
Mr. Smithers	Bert Dunlap
Miss Drake	Mae Jennings
Miss Copeland	Ruth Price

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT is a difficult subject for the dramatic tailor. He must be fitted not only with a play but a play in which he may find occasion to sing a song or two. In "The Voice of McConnell," George M. Cohan has fashioned a comedy garment that fits Mr. Olcott like the proverbial glove. McConnell is witty, kind-hearted, lucky in love, and Irish. Which is almost enough in itself to constitute a successfull Olcott comedy. But Mr. Cohan has gone even further. He has made his hero a concert singer, thereby permitting Olcott to sing as many songs as he likes without having to drag them in literally by

the heels. The result is a plausible, amusing, unusually skilful comedy which is certain to delight Olcott fans for a long time to come.

Mr. Cohan's hero, like the well-known Irish tenor, John McCormack, wakes one day to find himself famous. When the play begins he is tasting the dubious joys of success. When it ends he has sung three new songs by George M. Cohan and has won the girl. Everyone, including the audience, is happy.

Olcott plays the lovable McConnell with Irish wit and charm and with something of the traditional Cohan speed. His supporting company is excellent. Gilda Leary is the girl. Richard Taber, Harold de Becker and Alice Chapin help the fun along. And for extra measure, the star sings several of his old songs, popular favorites with his large and loyal following.

HENRY MILLER'S. "BACK TO EARTH." Comedy in three acts by William Le Baron. Suggested by a story by Oscar Graeve. Produced on December 23 with this cast:

John Baker	Charles Cherry
George Carr	Harold Hendee
Harry Kennedy	James Dyrenforth
Ambrose Strange	Wallace Eddinger
Parsons	James Kearney
O'Neil	Jay Wilson
The Old Man	Fred W. Peters
Emily Carr	Ruth Shepley
Marjorie Haddon	Paula Sterling
Grace Carr	Minna Gombel
Anna	Kirby Davis

BACK TO EARTH may have been written to prove that a forgotten play, once popular, "A Message from Mars," has no legitimate successor. The reason for this may be that the present generation has but a languid interest in angels.

One of the heavenly choir is discovered in a wing chair at the end of a talky first act in John Baker's (Charles Cherry) library. The angel in a loose Greek robe and sandals fills some modern borrowed clothes a little later with the generous proportions of Wallie Eddinger. Except that he explains his presence rather vaguely and the author William Le Baron even more lamely permits him to "get by," after the action starts, actor Eddinger reveals in being fairly plausible and more than fairly amusing.

But the piece, although well acted, is poorly built and presents neither a farce nor a comedy. The idea which is not original with the playwright, for so he says on the programme, might have developed into a farce with all the trimmings but not without time being spent on it. Far be it from me to prophecy that the stay of the piece at the Henry

Miller Theatre will be as brief as the period occupied in its manufacture.

HARRIS. "THE INVISIBLE FOE." Play in three acts by Walter Hackett. Produced on December 30 with this cast:

Barker	Daisy Vivian
Morton Grant	Frank Andrews
Richard Bransby	J. H. Gilmour
Dr. Latham	H. Cooper Cliffe
Helen Bransby	Flora Macdonald
Hugh Brooke	Robert Barrat
Stephen Pryde	Percy Marmont
Angela Hilary	Marion Rogers
Mrs. Leavitt	Mabel Archdale

THOMAS DIXON has entered the field of theatrical management, and in that he is a man of past achievement and present energy, he is likely to do something all the time to keep his theatre, The Harris, in the public eye. It is no easy thing to get a play for an opening that is at once sensational and substantial. The first play, in this instance, is calculated to excite discussion, but it is not altogether as supernatural and shivery as, possibly, its author would like to have us believe.

"The Invisible Foe," by Mr. Hackett, itself, in passages, suffers from low visibility. An old man is told by his bookkeeper that false entries have been made and a considerable sum of money stolen by the favorite nephew of the aged merchant to whom probity is a watchword, but whose chief liability is heart disease. He dies under the strain of the moment, but not before forcing a written confession from the real thief, an employee. The innocent, wrongly accused young man goes off to the army under an assumed name, while the other, unaccused but self-confessed in writing, remains behind and makes love to the "one fair daughter" to whom the other is betrothed. The old man had placed the confession, without design, in a volume of "David Copperfield." It rests on the shelves of the book-case. What has become of this paper? It is known to be in existence. The departed spirit has at least influenced the imagination of those most concerned. The villain has tried to quiet his fears on the theory that the old man burned the paper. There is no trace of it. Search has been made everywhere but between the leaves of "David Copperfield." There are several spiritual manifestations. Voices are heard by the characters, but not by the audience, and finally the Doctor, an outsider, guesses where the paper is—and that ends it. It is a very good play of love coming into its own—and of

mystery all up in the air. The play, no doubt, will afford food for emotional and believing natures; but for those unaccustomed to receive communications from the dead a more theatrical treatment, with green and blue lights may be suggested.

BROADHURST. "THE MELTING OF MOLLY." Musical comedy in three acts, by Maria Thompson Davies from her novel of the same name. Musical adaptation by Edgar Smith, music by Sigmund Romberg, lyrics by Cyrus Wood. Produced on December 30 with this cast:

Miss Proctor	Betty Carter
Miss Pearl	Gladys Miller
Miss Pierce	Gladys Walton
Mrs. Carter	Maude Turner Gordon
Judge Wade	Frank Kingdon
Judy	Mrs. Charles G. Craig
Dot Carter	Gloria Goodwin
Tom Morgan	Ted Lorraine
Molly Carter	Isabelle Lowe
John Moore	Charles Purcell
Alfred Bennett	Robert Bentley
Ethel Morgan	Marjorie Dunbar Pringle
Athletic Instructor	Vera Roehm
St. Clair McTabb	Edgar Norton
Miss Chester	Alison McBain
Guest	George S. Trimble

AFTER many vicissitudes and transformations our friend "Molly" turns up again, trimmed to date, and with the help of some tuneful music she is likely to remain with us for some time.

Based upon the novel by Maria Thompson Davies, the story has to do with a young girl engaged to be married to a diplomat who is particularly fond of a pretty figure. For the sake of his career he goes abroad for four years and Molly, fully aware of his preference for slim girls, notices that she is gaining *embonpoint*. Hearing of his expected return she resolves to go to a sanitarium to reduce. Meanwhile, her fiancé has acquired a liking for European cooking. He comes back to claim Molly, but she is horrified at the sight of him. His gourmandizing has made him, as she says, "the size of an elephant." Mutually the engagement is broken, and Molly marries the doctor in charge at the sanitarium who is a friend of her youth.

Charles Purcell as John Moore is highly successful both as singer and lover. Isabelle Lowe makes a likable Molly, and Mrs. Craig is most amusing as Judy, a dear old Mamie. The balance of the cast is in competent hands.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE. "TILLIE." A comedy in four acts by Helen R. Martin and Frank Howe, Jr. Produced January 6 with this cast:

Mrs. Wagernagel	Maude Granger
Weezy	Mildred Booth
Jake Getz	Adolf Link
Tillie Getz	Patricia Collinge
Walter Fairchild	Robert Hudson
Doc Weaver	John W. Ransone
Nathaniel Puntz	Charles R. Burrows
Hirom Etter	Harry A. Fisher
Ezra Yutsey	Edward S. Forbes
Absalom Puntz	Alfred Kappeler
Adam Schulze	J. C. Kline
Mrs. Getz	Petra Folkman
Mandy Etter	Dresser Valentine
Zeke	Abbott Roland

MRS. MARTIN has written another comedy of Pennsylvania Dutch life. Like Mrs. Fiske's "Erstwhile Susan," the new play is a story of a woman's revolt against the ignorant restrictions and cruel superstitions of the Mennonite faith. Tillie is a Mennonite maid—she wears the Quakerish cap and gown, hides her curls and dutifully shuts her eyes to the beauty of the world. She is finally enlightened by a young novelist who comes to Schneiderville in search of local color. He begins by showing her the ugliness of her sect and ends, of course, by falling in love with her. Tillie defies the grim elders of the church, tears off her becoming Mennonite cap and invites the young novelist to run away with her. But he leaves her, hoping to save her from the disgrace of excommunication, only to plunge her into the deeper misery of possible marriage to a selfish, arrogant Dutch farmer. In the end, much to the vociferous delight of balcony and gallery, the novelist returns to Schneiderville, famous, faithful, and with a legacy for the unhappy Tillie in his pocket.

The first three acts of the comedy are skilfully written, full of authentic local color, amusing and romantic. The last act is frankly melodrama of the "by heck" school and while sure to appeal to the "glad" army, detracts considerably from the delicious qualities of the first half of the play. Patricia Collinge is a wistful and pathetic heroine. John W. Ransone walks off with the principal honors, however. As "Doc Weaver," the ignorant, shrewd local practitioner, grafted and friend, he is inimitable. A character as human as the Music Master, as wily as Dave Harum, as lovable as Lightnin'. Maude Granger as Tillie's aunt, Adolf Link as her brutal father and Alfred Kappeler as the rural lover were all admirably in the picture. The novelist of Robert Hudson lacked conviction.

39TH STREET. "KEEP IT TO YOURSELF." Farce in three acts by Mark Swan, based on a comedy from the French of Keroul and

Barré. Produced on December 30 with this cast:

Charlie	Dallas Welford
Dr. Dubois	Robert Lowe
Benjamin	Albert Brown
Edouarde Chaumet	Edwin Nicander
Dr. Ferdinand Brodard	Alphonz Ethier
Amelie Brodard	Ethel Stanard
Marie	George Hall
Francois	John Burkell
Marguerite Chaumet	Helen Holmes
Rachael	Macey Harlam

THOSE who enjoy bedroom farce are sure to like "Keep It to Yourself," for it moves with speed and is often screamingly funny. Taken from a French original, there is nothing novel in either characters or situations. It is light entertainment along the lines of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and will no doubt please those theatre-goers who enjoy a hearty laugh at the playhouse.

A honeymooning couple, and a hypnotically inclined gentleman who cannot be held to account for his actions, get into most of the trouble. The complications they get into, and how they get out again furnish the plot.

Edwin Nicander is highly amusing as the hypnotic subject. As an absent-minded waiter, Dallas Welford contributes an amusing bit, and Macey Harlam, also as a waiter, scored. As the bride Ethel Stanard was charming in looks and personality.

KNICKERBOCKER. "LISTEN LESTER." Musical entertainment in two acts, by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddart; music by Harold Orlob. Produced on December 23 with this cast:

Miss Down	Mary Milburn
Miss Upp	Irma Marwick
Miss Belle	Esther Ingham
Col. Rufus Dodge	Edie Garvie
Miss Pink	Ruth Mabee
William Penn, Jr.	Johnny Dooley
Jack Griffin	Clifton Webb
Miss Mary Dodge	Ada Mae Weeks
Mrs. Tillie Mumm	Ada Lewis
Lester Lite	Hansford Wilson
Arbutus Quilty	Gertrude Vanderbilt

LISTEN, everybody—and particularly those who like musical comedies—"Listen Lester" is an excellent show of its kind. Even though the plot is negligible, the music is worth listening to and the girls worth seeing. And there's comedy, too!

It all concerns some letters which Col. Rufus Dodge has sent to Arbutus Quilty, and the efforts of William Penn, Jr., and Lester Lite to get them back. Of course, everything turns out all right in the end. The cast abounds in favorites—Johnny Dooley, Ada Lewis, Clifton Webb, Gertrude Vanderbilt and Ada Mae Weeks—and they all live up to their reputation.



© Charles Frohman, Inc.
William Gillette

Sam Sothern, J. H. Brewer, Hilda Spong, Grant Stewart, Marie Wainwright, Myrtle Tannehill, Elisabeth Risdon, Violet Kemble Cooper

ACT I OF J. M. BARRIE'S WHIMSICAL PLAY "DEAR BRUTUS" AT THE EMPIRE

Taking his theme from Shakespeare, this scene shows the guests gathered at the house party one Midsummer night by Mr. Lob, who it is easy to recognize as Puck of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The characters are a philandering husband with his wife and affinity, two commonplace, happy folks; a butler who is in love with a lady, and an artist who has been driven to drink by his wife and former model.



Photos White

Estelle Winwood and Cyril Keightley as Julie and Jim in the last act of Rachel Crothers' new comedy "A Little Journey," now being presented at the Little Theatre

STAGE DEVICES

Development of theatrical effects from the time of the Greeks down to the present day. Being the first of two interesting articles

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University.



IT is not far from forty years since I paid my first visit to the dramatic museum of the Paris Opera, then newly housed in the left wing of the sumptuous edifice—the wing originally designed to provide a private entrance for the deposed Napoleon III. There in a narrow passageway were models of a dozen of the most striking sets which had been painted for the masterpieces of the music-drama in the preceding half-century; and there, in a broad and spacious gallery were models of stage-machinery, sketches for costumes, playbills, ancient and modern, autograph letters of famous composers, and original manuscript scores of a few of the long sequence of famous operas written specially for the French National Academy of Music. The founder of the museum of the opera was Charles Nuitter; and he was kind enough to serve as my guide and to call my attention to the most interesting exhibits.

As was natural we fell into talk about the history of scene-painting and about the modern elaboration of scenic effect and mechanical device; and in the course of our conversation M. Nuitter sent for a tall and stately tome full of engraved illustrations.

"We are inclined to pride ourselves," he said to me, "on our modern improvements; and most of us are likely to believe that our predecessors of the last century could not compete with us in the ingenuity and in the complexity of the effects we can now produce on the stage.



BUT if you will examine this book, Sabbatini's 'Art of Making Scenery and Theatrical Machines,' published in Italian in 1638 at Ravenna you will discover that there has been little advance in the past two and a half centuries. Those Italians could do then almost everything that we can do now on the stage of the opera. For example, look at this plate; and you will see that they were prepared to exhibit a full rigged ship, to bring it on under sail, and to make it manoeuvre in front of the spectators. We could scarcely do it any better nowadays; and we should have to do it very much in the same way. In one thing, and in one thing only, have we an indisputable advantage over the Italian painter-engineers whose inventiveness has been commemorated by Sabbatini. We have artificial light and an abundance of it, while they were dependent either upon daylight or upon the wholly inadequate illumination of sputtering candles and of smoking oil lamps."

In this last remark M. Nuitter pointed out the essential difference between the modern theatre since Molière's time and all earlier theatres, those in ancient Greece and Rome and those in Renaissance Italy, in the England of Elizabeth and in the Spain of Philip. All these earlier playhouses had to give their performances by daylight; and most of their spectators were exposed to the sun and the rain. And even in Molière's time, and in fact until the introduction of gas early in the nineteenth century, the lighting of the stage was pitifully insufficient. In fact we might go further and maintain that

there was no wholly satisfactory means of theatrical illumination until the invention of the electric light toward the end of the nineteenth century,—although the introduction of the calcium light a few years earlier had made possible not a few effects unattainable by gas alone.

When we consider the extraordinary variety and the subtle delicacy of the methods of applying the electric light as these have been developed in the first quarter of the twentieth century, we are inclined to doubt whether the stage-managers of a century ago, of three centuries ago and of twenty centuries ago could have achieved anything fairly entitled to be called spectacle, as we now use the word.



BUT the audiences of those distant days were unable to foresee our modern appliances; they could not miss what they did not know; and these ancestors of ours were delighted by devices which were perfectly satisfactory to them even if they would strike us to-day as painfully primitive and absurdly inadequate. Indeed, it is interesting to discover that they often attempted in their unroofed playhouses effects not unlike those to which we are accustomed in our well-lighted theatres.

There is the so-called Flying Ballet, for example, in which dancers, suspended by invisible wires, float ethereally across the stage almost as though they were birds or butterflies. Yet the Greeks more than twenty centuries ago had a simpler device, not exactly equivalent to this but not altogether unlike it. When one of their adroit dramatists desired to have a God descend from the sky, he made use of what was then known as the "machine." Apparently this was nothing more than a basket, appropriately decorated to look like a chariot, which was hoisted by a rope over a pulley and then lowered to allow the unexpected deity to step down among the other actors standing in the orchestra.

Another Greek anticipation of a modern effect is the "ekkeklemma," which brought before the eyes of the enthralled spectators something supposed to have taken place out of sight. In the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, Clytemnestra goes into her palace to murder her husband with the aid of her paramour, Aegisthus. After an interval of dread anticipation the audience heard the cry of the murdered man; and then the wide central doors of the palace were thrown open and a little platform was thrust forward on which the spectators could behold the corpse of Agamemnon with his assassin wife standing over him.



WHERE the Greeks had to roll into view a "living picture," so to speak, the French stage-manager suddenly makes a portion of the back scene transparent, slightly darkening the stage and focussing a very strong light upon the innocent heroine spinning at her wheel and singing as she spins.

The later Latins allowed their noble theatres to be given over to variety-shows, to pantomime

mists, acrobats and rope-dancers. In Rome the true drama had succumbed to the bitter rivalry of the gladiatorial combat, which evoked a swifter and more poignant ecstasy than any play however powerful could be expected to provide. The drama was unable to compete with this grosser presentation of a life-and-death struggle—just as the theatres of New York often experience their leanest month in the four weeks when Barnum and Bailey are drawing away their spectators in thousands. The spectacles to be seen in the Roman Colosseum were as sumptuous as they were varied. Sometimes the huge arena was filled with a transplanted forest, and hosts of wild animals were let loose to roam amid the trees, awaiting the arrows of the expert archers whose duty it was to slay them at the risk of their lives. On other occasions this same vast space was flooded with water, and fleets of galleys manned by gladiators and rowed by slaves, took part in naval battles fought out to the death of a majority of the combatants.



AND in the course of the years, after the mystery-play had developed into the mystery-play and after it had been thrust out of the church to be acted by devout laymen in the market-place, a heterogeneity of ingenious devices was employed to arrest and retain the attention of immense crowds which collected from the surrounding country to gaze on the representation of the successive episodes of the Bible story. In the garden of Eden the Tree of Life was encircled by a mechanical serpent, which twined itself around the trunk, raising its glittering head and projecting its forked tongue. The Mouth of Hell was generally represented by the jaws of a great dragon breathing fierce flames upon the evil doer as the nimble devils cast him into the fiery opening. A little later yet, when the lives of the saints were dramatized, the several martyrdoms of these holy men were represented with the utmost elaboration of realism.

In the Italian Renaissance, mythological stories were occasionally performed in the beautiful grounds of the princely villas with all possible pomp and splendor. In the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University there is a large engraving of the gardens of the Pitti Palace in Florence at the moment when a towering statue of Atlas, bearing the world on his back, has been drawn to the center of the arena, so that the globe can open and disgorge certain of the characters of the story. These ornate spectacles of the Italians, elaborated by the aid of the leading painters were generally given out-doors, although now and again we hear of one which was produced in the ballroom of a palace, illuminated for the occasion by thousands of wax candles. Here in these magnificent spectacles of the Renaissance Italians, we may find the parent of the court-ballet of the French and of the masque of the English; and here we may find also, if we insist upon it the grand-parent of the sumptuously decorated music-drama as of our own day, of which Wagner's "Parsifal" is perhaps the most striking example.

(To be concluded in next issue.)



From a photograph by White

J A N E C O W L

The great war has afforded this popular emotional actress opportunities to appear in rôles typifying spiritual regeneration. Both in "The Crowded Hour," in which she is now appearing at the Selwyn Theatre, and in her own play, "Lilac Time," she is called upon to make the supreme sacrifice. Plans are being made for her appearance in the last named play in London

SOME MEMORABLE FIRST NIGHTS

Famous premières during the last quarter century of the New York stage

By HAROLD SETON



DURING the past twenty-five years the present writer has attended first nights on Broadway, and seen hundreds of plays, some good, some bad, but most of them merely indifferent. I have witnessed great successes and great failures, seen "road" successes fail in New York, and "road" failures succeed. In the theatrical profession, as George Bernard Shaw has intimated, "one never can tell!"

Instead of having become bored and blasé, I have remained keenly enthusiastic. Those of us who genuinely love Art could no more weary of comedies and tragedies than could those of us who genuinely love Nature weary of mountains and valleys. And, just as Nature assumes varied aspects at sunrise and sunset, so Art assumes varied aspects through Sardou and Belasco.

Speaking of Belasco, "The Heart of Maryland" was produced on October 2, 1895 at the Herald Square Theatre. Mr. Belasco had had many hits, among them "Hearts of Oak," "May Blossom," "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "Men and Women," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but Mrs. Carter had had two failures, "The Ugly Duckling" and "Miss Helyett." The playwright-producer and the stellar attraction triumphed jointly in "The Heart of Maryland," and when the red-haired lady climbed the belfry, and proceeded with "curfew shall not ring to-night," the audience went wild!



ONE good turn deserves another, so "Zaza" was produced January 9, 1899 at the Garrick Theatre. The nature of the piece had become known, so the house was filled with Zazas. Birds of a feather flock together, especially at the playhouse. To cap the climax, "Du Barry" was presented on December 25th, 1901, at the Criterion Theatre. Again the Zazas were in evidence, this time tricked out as Du Barrys. These Carter-Belasco premières were nothing if not emotional. The audience had hysterics whenever the star set the example. I have never seen anything like it before or since, not even in Paris!

On October 5, 1896, "Secret Service" was presented at the Garrick Theatre, and William Gillette appeared with great success against a Civil War background. It was in this same piece that he subsequently made his débüt in London. Mr. Gillette had established a following through his excellent work in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "The Private Secretary," "Held By the Enemy," and "Too Much Johnson." "Secret Service" has served as a model for war-spy melodramas ever since, especially of recent times. "Sherlock Holmes" was produced on November 6, 1899 at the Garrick Theatre, and held the audience enthralled, especially when the lighted cigar of the great detective glowed in the darkness.

"The Belle of New York" was presented on September 28, 1897 at the Casino Theatre. Everyone was fascinated by the personality of the until then unknown leading lady, Edna May, who was destined to gain fame and fortune through this piece at home and abroad. I recall the genuine amazement of the Salvation Army lassie

when called upon for "Speech!" Dan Daly also made a hit. Years ago Elsie Janis used to imitate him.

On February 5, 1893, "Lady Windermere's Fan" was offered for our approval. Julia Arthur, Maurice Barrymore, E. M. Holland and Edward Bell were in the cast. The actress who played the part of the adventuress-mother subsequently committed suicide. The first night audience was charmed by the author's witty dialogue, but the critics expressed impatience with the Irishman's levity. In those days it was the fashion for journalists to scoff at Oscar Wilde.



MISTRESS NELL" was produced on October 9, 1900, at the Bijou Theatre. Henrietta Crosman was introduced as a star and achieved a veritable triumph. Miss Crosman had previously filled engagements at Daly's Theatre and with the Lyceum Stock Company, appearing in such contrasting pieces as "As You Like It" and "The Charity Ball." When Mistress Nell, in hose and doublet, jumped through a window, after exclaiming, "To hell with ye!" we clapped our hands and stamped our feet. Aubrey Boucicault, whose end was a tragic one, played the part of the Merry Monarch.

On December 3, 1902, at the Belasco Theatre, Blanche Bates, "came," "saw," and "conquered" in "The Darling of the Gods," which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree subsequently produced in England, and which Puccini finally set to operatic accompaniment. Miss Bates had previously been at Daly's Theatre, but had aroused the resentment of the all-powerful Ada Rehan by achieving a marked success in the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Great Ruby," her role in that production being speedily handed over to Marcia Van Dresser, who later appeared as a concert singer, and recently acted in "Freedom."

"The Governor's Son" was presented on February 25, 1901, at the Savoy Theatre. The words and music were by George M. Cohan, and the piece exploited the Four Cohans, hitherto known only to patrons of vaudeville. In reality there were Five Cohans, for Ethel Levey, who took part in the play, was at that time Mrs. George M. A hit was achieved. On April 27, 1903, "Running for Office" was offered at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and on November 7, 1904, "Little Johnnie Jones" was given at the Liberty Theatre. The popularity of the Cohan family and the Cohan productions had increased by leaps and bounds. So if George M. has been nicknamed "The Patron Saint of Broadway," he has earned the distinction!



ON August 19, 1901, "A Royal Rival" was put on at the Criterion Theatre, enabling William Faversham to make his débüt as a star. For many years he had been a favorite at the Empire Theatre Stock Company. The play was not successful, neither was another version of the same theme, "Don Caesar's Return," produced simultaneously, to introduce James K. Hackett as a star. During several seasons he had been leading man at the Lyceum Theatre,

acting with Mary Mannering, who later became Mrs. Hackett, and with Julie Opp, who later became Mrs. Faversham.

In "Captain Jinks," produced on February 4, 1901, at the Garrick Theatre, Ethel Barrymore became a star. She was slight and girlish in those days, and looked bewitching in a bustle and a chignon. Clyde Fitch's plays were either very good or very bad. This one was very good, and the author and the star both made pretty little speeches after very many curtain-calls. Uncle John Drew was "among those present" in the audience.

On March 2, 1897, Mrs. Fiske appeared at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," up to that time the greatest triumph of her career, although she had first acted in New York away back in 1870. The scene where she murders her brutal lover was tense and thrilling, and the final episode, with the sacrificial stone at Stonehenge as a background, was weird and fascinating.

"The Masked Ball" was presented on October 3, 1892, at Palmer's Theatre. In this piece John Drew was introduced as a star, after a long apprenticeship at Daly's Theatre, where he gained great popularity, especially among people of fashion. The first night audience at "The Masked Ball" was exceptionally brilliant. Maude Adams, the leading lady, had a gracefully managed scene of intoxication. It was her success in this part that prompted Charles Frohman to make her a star.



ON September 27, 1897, "The Little Minister" was produced at the Empire Theatre. In this piece Maude Adams was introduced as a star, and her hour of triumph had come. Robert Edeson was the leading man, and James M. Barrie was the magician who was destined to transform Babbie into Peter Pan, and Peter Pan into Cinderella. In the audience was Annie Adams, the sweet little mother of the sweet little star. She was shedding tears of joy.

"Sappho" opened on February 16, 1900, at Wallack's Theatre, with Olga Nethersole featured as the disreputable heroine of Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Alphonse Daudet's novel. The performance caused a riot, hissing continuing throughout the piece, many people rising and leaving after the first and second acts. The most objectionable feature was the episode of the spiral staircase, up which the lightly-clad Miss Nethersole was carried by the handsome Hamilton Revelle. The police authorities subsequently stopped the production and haled the star to court.

First nights at Weber and Fields Music Hall were in a class by themselves. They were like family parties or reunions. Everybody knew everybody else. Chorus girls received ovations as well as stars. Persiflage passed across the footlights. It was "Hello Lew," and "Hello Joe." DeWolf Hopper would greet a fire commissioner in one box, and Dave Warfield would chat with a police commissioner in another box. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., would hail Anna Held, and "Diamond" Jim Brady greet Lillian Russell.



Johnston

BILLIE ALLEN

The musical comedy favorite who is now hostess of the Little Club in the 44th Street Theatre Building



© Underwood and Underwood

BURTON HOLMES

A national character in the educational and amusement world, whose Travologues this season, resulting from his experiences with the Yanks in England, France and Italy, are sure to be of exceptional interest



© Ira L. Hill

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

"The World Mother," in which Blanche Bates starred at the Palace Theatre for the benefit of the Red Cross, was written by Mr. Anderson, a former dancer, who early in the season collaborated with James K. Hackett on a musical revue



Doris Keane, the well-known American actress, who has achieved considerable success in London both in "Romance" and "Roxana," is seen here with her husband at their country home in Buckinghamshire, England

REVIVING GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

The famous comic operas hugely appreciated by a new generation of playgoers

By RANDOLPH EDGAR



Mishkin

HERBERT WATEROUS

As the Duke of Plaza-Toro in
"The Gondoliers," at the Park



JOHN McGHIE

The music director who is chiefly responsible for the successful productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Park Theatre. He is a Gilbert and Sullivan expert and has the scores of the entire Savoy cycle at the tip of his baton



Mishkin

EILEEN CASTLES, JOHN PHILLIPS
in "The Gondoliers," presented by
the Society of American Singers

HE was a stolid Britisher with close cropped mutton-chopped whiskers, red face and rather fat about the back of the neck. He followed "Patience" not from a printed libretto but from memory, and when the morbid Bunthorne introduced an anachronism into his allotted lines, he of the mutton-chops demanded in a loud embarrassing voice that the actor stick to the text.

It was the sort of thing one doesn't do at the theatre, as a rule, yet he was quite justified. On the whole I admired him tremendously for upholding Savoy traditions. I have since imagined him at home: "Bless my soul!" All of his Dickens is illustrated by Cruikshank. And there is haircloth furniture in abundance.

In actuality I saw him after the matinée along the Embankment near the bust of Sir Arthur Sullivan on the pedestal of which stands the figure of Grief, and on either side are represented, in bronze, a masque of music and guitar. He was gazing abstractly at the inscription beneath the bust of the composer, taken from "The Yeoman of the Guard":

Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon.

Quite naturally, I have never seen him since, but I often think of this mid-Victorian figure as one of tangible standards; one who like an Arnold Bennett Five Town character, "knows what he wants." And from subsequent and divers conversations amongst the merry Greenwich Villagers I am altogether consoled by the memory of his symbolic utterance and attitude.

At a recent revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" given under the direction of The Society of American Sing-

ers I had expected to see an audience largely composed of middle-aged couples in the midst of a futile attempt to renew their youth and a sprinkling of octogenarians who remembered, not without pride, the first night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre; (as a matter of fact the first night was concurrent with an English performance at Paignton on the Devonshire coast in which Richard Mansfield played Major-General Stanley), but the silver threads amongst the gold were in the minority and young people were welcoming the comic opera as a novelty and enjoying the performance hugely. And, reverting to Dickens, this younger audience was in all probability equally fond of their fathers' thumb-worn copies of Pickwick. So it would seem that certain phases of mid-Victorianism are, like the claim of Boston's supremacy, "a state of mind."

The years of Savoy revivals which were withdrawn only recently cannot, of course, be accepted as a gauge of American taste. Nevertheless, DeWolf Hopper's revivals of Gilbert and

Sullivan were not only financially successful and aesthetically productions, but clung to the lines as originally written. Indeed, Mr. Hopper's revival of one of the oldest of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "The Sorcerer," without a line being changed from the original script, held the stage in New York long after "Iolanthe" had been billed for revival.

At the time of these revivals, a period which covered, including a tour of Australia, a period of at least five years, Mr. Hopper invariably described them in his curtain speeches as "little classics." It was noticeable, however, that he excluded among others in his repertoire, "Utopia, Ltd." and "The Grand Duke" which are a far cry from anything suggesting the classic, having never been revived and remaining in the dusty archives of the Savoy as nearly forgotten mementoes of a broken friendship which did not (financially) heal; the quarrel between librettist and composer having taken place during the long run of "The Gondoliers."

There is a possibility that "The Princess Ida," which dates from a much earlier period, and contains some of the most exquisite melodies of Sullivan, may be revived by The Society of American Singers which has this season played "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "The Mikado" and "The Gondoliers."

It is not altogether impossible that Gilbert and Sullivan revivals may become an institution in America. One does not contemplate in this connection a large playhouse where, as in "Pinafore" at the Hippodrome a few summers ago it was necessary to interpolate Sullivan numbers from "Ivanhoe" and "Ruddigore" in order to clear the stage, but rather an intimate theatre where devotees of Gilbert and Sullivan might gather.



Mishkin
Craig Campbell and Bertram Peacock as the Gondoliers,
and William Danforth (center) as Don Alhambra del Bolero

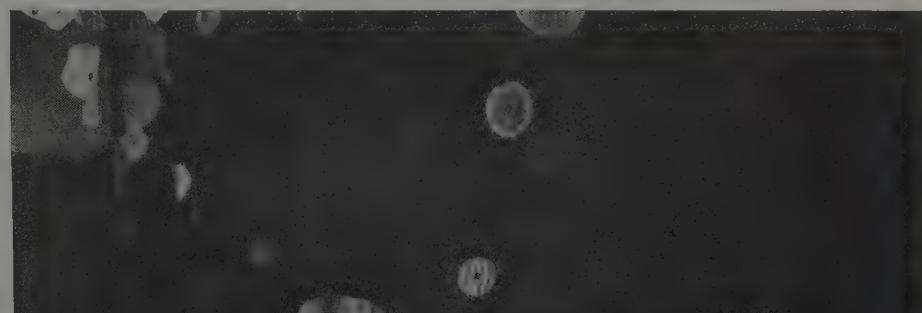


Photos White

Clifton Webb, Ada Mae Weeks and girls in "Listen Lester" at the Knickerbocker



Gilda Leary and Chauncey Olcott in "The Voice of McConnell"



Isabelle Lowe and bridesmaids in "The Melting of Molly" at the Broadhurst

MUSICAL COMEDIES AND A COMEDY WITH MUSIC

A PLEA FOR THE SOLILOQUY

Much over-worked stage telephone deserves a rest and maid and butler are over-discursive

By RAY HENDERSON



IS the soliloquy creeping back into the drama? This much-despised, now almost abject thing was bodily thrown out of the theatre with the advent of Henrik Ibsen and the modern school of playwrights—thrown out on the grounds of being unnatural, but more probably because of its abuse and its worn-out, threadbare convention—in the search of the new writers for a closer alliance with nature. In its stead came the maid, the butler and the telephone. Certain facts, causing or caused by the action, yet not a part of it, must be imparted to the audience. This is essential or there would be no play; so the modern authors in seeking to come nearer to life chose these other means of giving the necessary information to spectators. Once the soliloquy was routed, it would seem that this age-old technical device was a well-nigh contagious, leprous nightmare, for the playwright has gone to all sorts of lengths—some ludicrous and impossible to the extreme—to avoid the soliloquy and its near-cousin, the aside.

Let us admit at once and for all that in the case of genius, whatever genius does is right. Ibsen could depart from the soliloquy, from the aside, from any convention of the theatre that hampered him and do it so naturally that in contrast the routine technic of the theatre seemed crude and unreal.

But Ibsen is Ibsen and he had his genius back of him. Nevertheless he laid out a road which narrowed rather than broadened the field of an art already greatly limited. Its technic is not overly elastic and all attempts to make it elastic have not brought very gratifying success. Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, Maurice Maeterlinck and a few others have attempted to enlarge the scope—to deepen the horizon of dramatic writing, but despite a few critics and a chosen, alas, meagre audience, they have not succeeded very far with the great public. The proof of this is that nothing short of genius is able successfully to follow their trail. And if nothing short of genius can tread the paths outlined by genius, then genius has not broadened the road.

To cast out bodily any means of technic in the theatre and not supply a better or at least an equally good method is a waste criminal indeed.

To supplant the soliloquy and the aside we now have the maid, the butler and the telephone. Ibsen was not entirely wrong, nor was he entirely right. The old Greeks with their unities contributed a wonderful thing to the theatre, but to limit all drama to their conventions would be to kill the theatre outright.

It was because the soliloquy had become so obvious a thing that it had to be discarded. Rightly used it was never out of place. It is because the maid-butler-telephone device is now in turn grown threadbare that it must be abandoned. Judicious handling of the old or the later method will always be welcomed, but neither must be abused. Restraint on the soliloquy has become so iron-bound these past years that authors can now return to it with little fear of its abuse. That it is unnatural will no longer hold water.

How many of us but do not give way to spoken words when we are alone in stress of thought or action? At least we talk silently to ourselves. And the true meaning of the soliloquy is but spoken thought. Who that heard Forbes-Robertson deliver the soliloquies in "Hamlet" or "Othello" but knows how intensely proper they are; how they could not but be there? Granted that all actors are not Forbes-Robertsons, yet we can see the value of the soliloquy.

What was there so offensive in the soliloquy that it is forever to be an outcast in the theatre? The soliloquy rightly handled has its use and its very important use, too. How many of us have not—if we be honest with ourselves—felt the moment in the theatre when we actually wished a character would soliloquise and give us the benefit of his thoughts instead of his make-shift—always so except in the case of great artists—expression of thought or emotion by glance or contortion of features? There are certain facts the audience must know and these cannot always be imparted in action. They must be spoken.

The position of the soliloquy in drama is analogous to that of the aria in opera. When Wagner undertook to reform the music drama he went hammer and tongs after the aria. He was disgusted with the degeneration of opera

through Italian methods and set out to make the aria once and for all a hated thing. He was striking at the form, when it was the spirit that was lacking, hampered by the form he felt, but not wholly so.

His own experience proved this later, for when he came to his master-works, those operas in which his principles were fully embodied, he used the aria. Disguised as it may be, it is there and it makes his operas popular with the masses. And it is the mass that is the test of great work. It ever has been the mass and it ever will be.

Already dramatists are, consciously or unconsciously, returning to the soliloquy. The tight shut gates against it are already ajar—gradually opening, very cautiously and warily, but they are opening. In Maeterlinck's latest contribution to the stage, "The Betrothal," so beautifully produced by Winthrop Ames, we hear the soliloquy again in the miser scene. It is true that Tytul is on the stage as a sub-excuse, but it is not to Tytul that the miser speaks. Granted it is to his gold; still it is fundamentally a soliloquy and through this means Maeterlinck has in amazing fashion drawn a marvelous, startling portrait of a miser. What a stroke of genius in the old frame!

In "Sleeping Partners," that delightful, exquisite gem so perfectly acted by H. B. Warner, a good part of the second act is taken up by a soliloquy which is as rare a bit of writing and entertainment as there is in the comedy. And does it seem forced, unnatural? Not at all. It is spontaneous. And if one watches the plays of to-day, one will find slight breaking over of the traces in many of them. Is this an indication?

The soliloquy must come into its own again, not into the exaggerated bore it had, become before Ibsen swept it out the stage door, but into an intelligent, illuminating agent of the playwright. Let authors not be afraid of it. Let them use it sparingly, but never shun it when it craves for speech. And let us disconnect the telephone for awhile; let us dismiss the over-discursive maid and butler and only let them re-enter the theatre when they are as thoroughly chastened as the soliloquy has been.

THEATRE THOUGHTS

By HUBERT SAVILE

Lou Tellegen is a competent leading-man—for Geraldine Farrar.

Houdini is very slight-of-handsome.

Robert B. Mantell loves to act, and act, and act.

Some Monday Ethel Barrymore ought to revive "Sunday."

It requires almost as much silk and satin and powder and paint to make a beauty out of Julian

Eltinge as is needed to make a beauty out of many a woman.

News item in a daily paper: "Ann Pennington has had her legs insured." What kind of insurance? Accident, fire, or burglary?

Billie Burke suffers from acute indigestion.

Douglas Fairbanks has jumped off a bridge, jumped off a roof, jumped off a cliff, and jumped into popularity.

Mrs. Fiske is to the mannerism born.

Theda Bara's newly-registered trademark is a leaf of poison-ivy.



oldberg
HEDDA HOPPER

There have been a host of nurses in Broadway plays this season. Not the least attractive of them is Mrs. DeWolf Hopper, who plays Alma Robins in "Be Calm, Camilla"



Fairchild
MRS. COBURN

The Coburns have scored the hit of their career in "The Better 'Ole," the highly amusing "fragment from France" at the Cort. This is Mrs. Coburn as Victoire



Sorony
HELEN WESTLEY

Who contributes a characteristic bit as the gypsy mother in "Redemption" at the Plymouth



Johnston
ELEANOR PAINTER

The popular musical comedy star with the big voice as "Glorianna," in the play of that name at the Liberty

ON GOING ON THE STAGE.

Experiences of an ambitious young woman who tried to get into the chorus

By WINIFRED WARD



WHY don't you go on the stage, dear? You can always get into the chorus, you know."

One day these poisonous words take root. You realize that your brilliant personality is not given that scope it ought to have. You rush to the nearest public 'phone, so that your family may not hear what you are about to do.

What is the name of that clever young man you met at dinner—the man who wrote the music for musical comedies? Prowty?—Proudfoot?—Pringle?—SMITH: yes, that was it: Jo Smith. You call him up:

"Mr. Smith, I do hope you'll forgive me for pouncing on you like this, but I've decided to go on the stage. Would you mind letting me run right up and have a little talk with you?—what did you say?—a manager's business?—Oh, yes, I suppose it is, but I thought—what?—can I sing? Oh, no. Can I dance? No, not at all—WHAT? Am I pretty—well really, Mr. Smith, I—Pardon me?—you haven't time? Oh, of course if you're busy, that's a different matter, why didn't you say so at once? But surely you can let me run up and see you just a minute—I—Oh, thank you so much."

Mr. Smith lives in a luxurious house. A dear little dog greets you and the artistically furnished living room is full of lilacs. You see in a vision groups of sweet young girls, each perhaps with a lilac in her hair, all clustered around the composer, learning their parts. Mr. Smith is inclined to be a little abrupt, but you greet him with a smile and inform him that you want him to be quite brutal and tell you the honest truth.



DOES he think you have the teeniest, weeniest chance on the stage? Mr. Smith weakens. Chance? Sure. He thinks such a pretty girl has all sorts of a chance, but he says you mustn't think of wasting your time in the chorus because your peculiar charm would be lost there. What you want is a nice little part with singing and dancing. The only thing to make sure of is your voice. He advises you to go back to your home town and devote three weeks to polishing up your voice.

"Then," he says, "Come back and meet me at the Universal Theatre—can you remember that? The Universal."

By this time Mr. Smith is quite enthusiastic over what he calls your "possibilities." You say how glad you are that you just followed your impulses and insisted on having this little glimpse of him. You may well be glad, for it's the last glimpse you'll ever get.

You return to your native town, and for three golden weeks, you toil and your family toil and the musical friends of your family toil to bring out of its lair a small bristling contralto voice whose only ambition in life is to be let alone. Then you despatch a special delivery to Mr. Smith and go back post haste to Broadway. After prolonged conversations over the telephone with Mr. Smith's wife, maid, gardener, office boy, stenographer and boy at the stage entrance, you decide that they cannot all be lying. It must be true, incredible as it seems, that Mr. Smith

has left town for the summer. No one knows when he went, where he went, or when he will be back. But they are all sure on one point: he left no message for you—not even his address.

Having faced the fact that Mr. Smith is no gentleman, you now begin in earnest your first effort to get into a musical comedy. You hunt up the address of the only theatrical manager whose name occurs to you, and write him a polite note, saying that you have decided to go on the stage and will he see you as soon as he can?



RECEIVING no reply, you go to his office and having sent in your visiting card, you sit there for two hours. Suddenly the secretary who until this moment has refused to see you, bursts suddenly in as though impelled from behind, and seeing you, halts and asks you coldly who you are and what you want. You say that you have already been in correspondence with the manager and would like to see him.

"Come in next week," says the secretary, and leaves you standing there.

You now try another manager and good fortune is with you for as you walk into his office, there he stands, just about to dodge into an inner room. You tell him your ambitions all in a breath and just as he is about to reply in what seems to you a sympathetic manner, there crowds in upon him two very much overdressed young women, who brush by you just as though you didn't exist.

"Hello, Kate," says the manager with easy familiarity.

"Hello," replies Kate, with the same tone, "here's the friend I was telling you about—Miss Einstein, meet Mr. Grady. Yes, she's been doing the circuit but I say to her she was too good for it as you'll see when you've heard her sing. She's Jim Roach's niece—you know, he's putting on Lyman's new show over at the World—"

"Come inside, girls," smiles Mr. Grady affably, and they shut the door and leave you standing there. As you turn to go Mr. Grady opens it and, putting his head out—snaps out:

"You—Miss—come-in-next-week," and the door is shut again.

Seven days later you return to the office of Manager No. 2. This time you are successful in finding him unoccupied, but you are pained to find that he has forgotten who you are. You remind him, and explain that although you have never been on the stage and can as yet neither dance, sing nor act, you are quite sure you will be able to do anything you make up your mind to do.



MANAGER No. 2 appears a little touched by this frank admission. Cheerfully he replies:

"Oh, I guess we can work you into something. Come in next week."

You explain to him that you have already waited around as long as you can and that you simply must go to the mountains next week, at which he looks slightly surprised and says:

"All right, come in next month."

You anxiously express the hope that you are not missing anything by going away, and are assured that you are not. Finally you get him to fix a definite date when you had better return.

You now feel better. There is no contract signed yet, but you have the manager's promise to see you again in four weeks when he may be able to offer you something worth while. It's worth waiting for.

Decidedly, the stage is your true avocation. Meantime, it would do no harm to prepare oneself. Securing the address of a man who teaches stage dancing, you 'phone him. To a question he replies:

"Oh, the fellow you want is Jimmie Harris in the _____ building."

You go to Jimmie Harris—a greasy-looking individual with an impudent leer who demands what you mean by stage dancing—exhibition, soft shoe, clog, buck and wing, eccentric or straight? You select buck and wing, (never having heard of any of them) and are at once informed that Mr. Harris does not handle that class of work, after which he shuts the door in your face.

The outside office is full of young men, who are apparently doing nothing, so you ask one of them if he can tell you where you can learn to do buck and wing dancing. Eyeing you up and down he inquires why you don't take up straight acrobatics instead. He insists there is much more money in it, and that dancing is all out anyway. You explain that you are not doing this for money but for the love of a beautiful art. This statement makes a sensation in the office and the little stenographer stops fixing her hair and eyes you suspiciously.



MIGHT take her over to Jake," chuckles a dark man with a hook nose, so the first young man volunteers to go over with you to see Jake, otherwise known as Arsenium.

Mrs. and Mr. Arsenium are living, although only temporarily, they assure you, in a basement kitchen on 43d Street. Mr. Arsenium explains to you that buck and wing dancing is a kind of clog, compared to which all other kinds of dances lose out in the long run. But the clog, he says, is a sure thing that the crowd will always fall for, no matter what class of audience you cater to. You decide definitely on the clog—especially when you learn that Mrs. Arsenium is the champion clog dancer of the world. You are given a picture postcard of Mr. and Mrs. A. locked in a firm embrace and clogging together around a ledge on the summit of the Times Building. You take five lessons in clog dancing: find that you cannot do it, and leave for the mountains.

Are you down-hearted? Not a bit. You practice singing and clog dancing every day, and breaking short your holiday just as it is beginning to build you up, you return to the Great White Way and the office of Manager No. 2.

Will he have a nice part all planned out for you with words, music and dance especially adapted to your personality? Perhaps he will hand you a typewritten part with a kind smile, and you will be launched without further ado. You decide while entering the room that you'll



Goldberg

FRANCES STARR

Since the days of her triumph in "The Easiest Way," this favorite actress has advanced in her art with rapid strides. In "Tiger! Tiger!" at the Belasco, she has never been more captivating in personality and never shown a firmer intellectual grasp



Moffett

MABEL BUNYEÀ

Who plays Judith Elkan, the daughter of a Rabbi who marries out of her faith, in "The Little Brother" at the Belmont with convincing sincerity

take a firm stand on one point: positively you will not wear tights.

There is a shock in store for you. Manager No. 2 has forgotten who you are. He looks at you blankly and says;

"Nothing doing."

Indignation nearly chokes you. You remind him that you have come all the way down from the mountains to keep an appointment which he made. Without even trying to defend himself, he says carelessly, "Come-in-next-month," and begins talking to someone else over the telephone.

This, you tell yourself bitterly, is what you get for stepping down out of your proper sphere, and losing your self-respect.

Remembering the very different reception that "Katie" and her associate received from this very manager, you now decide that you will resort to "Pull." You secure a glowing letter of introduction in which you are referred to as a "very gifted young lady of my acquaintance" from the millionaire who backs Manager No. 3's productions, and another from the man who writes all the songs for Manager No. 3—the latter stating that you are very anxious to learn the musical comedy business from the beginning and that you are an excellent dancer, a vocal artist of the highest order and that he, the writer, thinks that you will do splendidly if he, the manager, can find room for you in that new piece.

This document gains you immediate access to Manager No. 3—that is, after you have called and been told to come again three times and have waited on the spot six hours.

Manager No. 3 is delighted. He sits at ease among much Circassian walnut, smoking a huge

cigar, and tells you that such a charming young lady as you can always get anything she wants. He personally has nothing for you, but he writes a little note with his own silver lead pencil to Manager No. 4, asking that you be given personal consideration, and you go off feeling that now at last you are on the right track.

Manager No. 4 does not appear in response to your note, but you have learned to be patient by this time so you humbly take your place on the hard benches provided for the chorus girls who are doing the five hour wait, with naught but conversation and the vanity bag to engage the time. You learn from the haughty office boy that the chorus for this production is about to be selected and that you are in plenty of time. After waiting two hours and a half, you begin to think he's right.

Inquiring at the desk for your note, you now learn that Manager No. 4 went out two hours ago and will not be back. Did he leave no message for you? He did not, but his office boy did, to the effect that the chorus is all full and no use to wait. At this moment a man in shirt-sleeves bursts in, gazes around in a frenzied manner, stares at all the girls waiting there, including yourself—points a grimy finger at two of them, says:

"You wait and you wait," and disappears. The inference is that you, whom he did not point at, are not to wait.

After this you decide not to use "pull" any more. One of the girls advises you to try the agencies, and you trail about with her from one to another. At last you receive a postal from one of them, telling you to call at a certain theatre. Hundreds of other girls are there. A few of

them are picked out at random and their voices are tried. Then they are told to "take a seat, please," and the group of men in shirtsleeves also sit, as though waiting for something to happen. You ask the most intelligent-looking of them if there is any use in your waiting, and show him the postal from the agency and he says without looking at you, "Sure, dearie, wait."

The room is now electrified by the entrance of a short energetic Hebrew who rushes about shaking hands with certain of the waiting girls. The atmosphere becomes social. His friends, who are evidently there by appointment, are led up one by one and introduced with great formality to the line of men in shirtsleeves.

"Jake, meet Miss Birnbaum—Miss Birnbaum's sister, Nellie. No, she ain't been on the stage but knowing her sister's work, all I've got to say to you, Jake, is that you ain't makin' any mistake in this girl, she'll be O. K. take it from me."

Miss Birnbaum and sister are then told confidentially to go now and come back at two, and about ten more introductions are consummated, after which the host addresses the multitude, with his plug well back in his cheek, and says:

"Ladies, I regret to inform you that all the cast is complete owing to the fact that our original bunch has all turned up although we expected that if they shouldn't there might have been some vacancies."

And the sixty ladies file patiently out from their five hour wait, to fresh fields and pastures new.

After three or more weeks of this, you wish you could see for just one moment those friends of yours who used to say:

"Why don't you go on the stage, dear? You can always get into the chorus, you know."

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Nora Bayes says the "home paper" used to refer to her as *nee* Goldberg after her first marriage, but that it came to speak of her as *may*, may Goldberg after the others?

David Warfield said a few years ago that he would "give anything" to see himself in motion pictures and now that others would give almost anything for him to pose before the cine camera, he positively declines to do so?

The owners of the dramatization of "Pollyanna" decline to release it to the films for less than \$50,000?

Avery Hopwood's "Nobody's Widow" was called "Roxana," the name of the principal character, when it was presented in London by Doris Keane?

Maude Adams has only a few friends not connected with the theatre and that while she is one of the best known among American actresses, comparatively few people have seen her off the stage during the past ten years?

When George C. Tyler asked Booth Tarkington how he had the "nerve" to demand \$1,500 apiece for his "Penrod" stories from the magazine editors, Tarkington replied: "I didn't, I asked \$1,700, presuming, as was the case, that they'd want to 'compromise' on a lower figure?"

Lopa da Vega wrote one thousand plays, that old Dion Boucicault wrote as many as twelve in one year, and that Hal Reid wrote one in one night, the last mentioned, a play that was a box-office success?

Fannie Ward still looks about sixteen years of age, although her daughter was married in England not long ago?

The first words that Edith Taliaferro spoke on the stage were: "I wish I wore pants"?

Richard Carle used to be a regular lyceum entertainer and that he attended the church where Otis Skinner's father was the pastor?

David Belasco and James Herne used bull's-eye lanterns for "overhead lighting" when they were too poor to provide other means?

Ethel Barrymore's future was mapped out for her and that she was to become a concert pianist, when "Grandma" Drew suddenly found a small part for her and she gave up music for the profession of her forefathers and foremothers?

Julian Eltinge has duplicated a Spanish castle atop a hill at Edendale outside of Los Angeles, one of the beautiful residences of the Pacific coast and that he earned the several hundred thousand dollars with which to do it by making a few tours of the country and appearing before the cinema camera for three films?

Bonnie Thornton is making a hit in vaudeville with "Little Annie Rooney," which she sang twenty-five years ago—and by inviting all ladies in her audiences who learned it twenty-five years ago to join in the refrain?

Elizabeth Murray says her three great wishes are: a farm, a straight part and a man she could promise to love, honor—and obey?

Robert Hilliard was a society amateur before becoming a professional performer?

Lillie Langtry first appeared upon the stage as Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops To Conquer"?

Elsie Janis, who generally includes a male impersonation in her entertainment, made her theatrical débüt in a boy part in "The Charity Ball"?

Katherine Harris Barrymore is a niece of Mrs. Herbert M. Harriman, the New York society woman?

Lotta Crabtree, who was once a popular favorite, and retired from the stage many years ago, after having amassed a fortune, lives in New York, and frequently attends the theatre?

Bertha Kalich made her débüt in comic opera, and in 1891 was engaged for the Bucharest National Theatre?

Percy Haswell, who first appeared on the stage as a child, as a member of the Augustin Daly's Company, attained leading rôles in that organization by 1885, and is still playing youthful rôles in vaudeville?

Hamilton Revelle's real name is Engstrom, his father having been a captain in the Royal Horse Artillery, in England?

Fay Templeton played the part of Cupid at the Grand Opera House, New York, on August 16, 1869?

Marie Tempest studied at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, under Manuel Garcia, and was awarded bronze, silver, and gold medals for singing?



TYRONE POWER

It is somewhat of a shock to see the picturesque Mr. Power shorn of his locks. But for all that, his Priest in "The Little Brother" is none the less a splendid piece of dignified and impressive acting



SHELLEY HULL

Undoubtedly the matinée idol de luxe is this virile young actor who is giving such a splendid performance in a dual rôle in "Under Orders"



Sarony
GEORGE HAYES

Who succeeded the late Julian L'Estrange as Lord Goring in "The Ideal Husband." He was leading juvenile with Forbes-Robertson in such plays as "Hamlet," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," etc., before joining the Canadian Army



FRITZ LEIBER AS HAMLET

Robert Mantell's leading man has donned the inky cloak of Denmark's favorite Prince, and at a special matinée at the 44th Street Theatre recently gave a most admirable interpretation

WHO'S WHO ON BROADWAY



Charles Coburn

CHARLES COBURN came back, too, doing something so widely different that he has to be entirely reidentified. Just now he is Old Bill in "The Better 'Ole," which is Captain Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France," successfully collected into a play.

Coburn began his theatre-life as programme boy at the old Savannah Theatre, where they liked him so much that they eventually made him manager. Having conquered Savannah, he set out for Chicago, and after several years of stock there and in Virginia, he was starred in "The Christian." During that summer—1903—he organized the Coburn Players, who became, as everyone knows, the foremost al fresco Shakespearian company. Since then, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have devoted all their time to making their performances surpassingly artistic.

Their out-door "As You Like It" has brought the Forest of Arden back to us, and besides the rest of the Shakespearian repertoire, the Coburns have to their credit successful productions of "Electra," and Percy Mackaye's "Canterbury Pilgrims"—who came to grief at the Metropolitan in the operatic version. And, incidentally, they gave the only performance ever given at night on the White House lawn. Now they have left Greece and Merrie England far behind them, and brought to Broadway the best humor that came out of the war.



Josephine Jacoby

JOSEPHINE JACOBY has "come back" with the Society of American Singers, who have been phenomenally successful all season at the Park Theatre in opera comique, and especially the old Gilbert and Sullivan evergreens—"Mikado," "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and "The Gondoliers." A Gilbert and Sullivan season means Josephine Jacoby, for more than with her rôles at the Metropolitan, where she still appears occasionally, she has identified herself with "Little Buttercup," "Ruth," and the rest of Gilbert's sisters, cousins and aunts. Mme. Jacoby comes back every few years, for she knows that her special niche in the comic opera setting is waiting for her.



Tim Murphy

WE were glad to have Tim Murphy with us this year in "Home Again," although it didn't stay long. Mr. Murphy always seems able to accomplish that most difficult of feats—to bring a favorite fiction character to life on the stage so faithfully that he satisfies everyone's particular mental picture of it. He was true to Stevenson's Bill Bones in "Treasure Island," and he was true to Riley's Raggedy Man in "Home Again."

Murphy was given his first real chance by Charles Hoyt, who discovered him pertinently impersonating famous actors of the day and has had a long career of American character parts, that have made his name a household word on the road, but except for his appearance with Mrs. Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" eight years ago, and as James Blunt in "Honest Jim Blunt," a year later, save for "Treasure Island," he hasn't been on Broadway, and yet his name is always first spoken of for typical Yankee parts.

H. B. Warner

THEY all come back—maybe a year, maybe five years, maybe ten—but they all come back!" Do you remember that speech in a popular play a year or so ago? It happened to refer to certain people who take themselves away from New York in the vain hope of being forgotten, but it applies just as well to players who have left Broadway for a year, or five, or ten, and have come back and made good all over again.

For the proverbial absent-minded professor is a memory expert compared to the average theatre-goer. He even forgets the names of his favorite stars if they aren't flashed at him every season regularly. And as for the player who makes a hit, and doesn't come back with another success within a year—well, the public just doesn't recognize him, that's all.

So even such a popular star as H. B. Warner, who for some reason let several seasons go by without following up his "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Ghost Breaker" has had to "come back" in "Sleeping Partners." It speaks well for his popularity that after six years New York didn't have to ask "Who's that clever fellow who's playing the Englishman in that Frenchy thing at the Bijou?"

But perhaps many of us have forgotten that Warner really is an Englishman, and that it was his father, a well-known actor on the other side, who let him wander into the mimic world in "The Streets of London," at the tender age of seven. From then on he became a casual member of his father's company, but it was sixteen years later that he had his first real chance.

He had been playing Athos to his father's D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers," when he was hurriedly called on to play D'Artagnan himself. That led to engagements with the best companies in England, until he left Sir Charles Wyndham to come to America to be Eleanor Robson's leading man in 1906. He shared the matinée-girl's tributes with Miss Robson in half a dozen plays—the last was "Salomy Jane."

Two or three years later came "Alias Jimmy Valentine," that also brought Laurette Taylor into the limelight, "The Ghost Breaker," then the mysterious gap, and now "Sleeping Partners." We have few enough actors who can toss difficult scenes about as deftly as Mr. Warner, so we hope he won't have to come back a second time.



Albert Bruning

ALBERT BRUNING has Edwin Booth to thank for being a successful New York come-back this season in "The Riddle: Woman," instead of sharing the national failure of Germany. He was a young actor in Berlin, when Booth made a tour of Germany. At that time all the great stars traveled alone, using the local companies where they played as "support." Bruning was given Edgar to Booth's "Lear," and Laertes to Booth's "Hamlet." Booth was so much impressed with the young actor that he persuaded him to study English and join the Booth and Barrett Company in America. When Barrett died, Mr. Bruning stepped into most of his parts, and he was with Edwin Booth until the day he died. When the company was scattered in 1891, Bruning played several engagements before joining the Belasco banner for

"Zaza," "Under Two Flags," "Du Barry," and "The Darling of the Gods."

After a year of repertoire with Mrs. Fiske came the sympathetic part of the music teacher in "The Climax,"—one of the first small-cast successes. Mr. Bruning, who seems able to play anything and everything, spent two years in classic and dramatic rôles at the New Theatre, then was Frances Starr's Doctor in "The Case of Becky."

Why there should have been a void in such a crowded and varied career it's hard to tell, but at any rate when Albert Bruning reappeared with his fine portrait of Meyer, the Jewish millionaire, in "The Riddle: Woman," even some of those playgoers who keep a "Who's Who" in the back of their brain had to stop and ask who he was.

No one could ask for a more perfect picture of a man of Meyer's type than Mr. Bruning's. The broad gestures, the accent, and the mannerisms are all there, but restrained to just the point to which a man of Meyer's self-culture would have brought himself.

If the season brings many more come-backs like these, we will find ourselves as interested in them as in the new people we meet for the first time.



Claude Gillingwater

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER, the wisest of Austin Strong's "Three Wise Fools," has finally found a little orbit for himself after a rather devious route through the starry way. He has tried musical comedy, farce, and being quite serious. But he didn't sing "I Want What I Want When I Want It!" in "Mile. Modiste," in vain, for after "fathering" Billie Burke, in "The Rescuing Angel," Wallace Eddinger in Winchell Smith's "The Only Son," and many other stage sons and daughters, he found real Broadway success in the three-cornered—no, not triangle!—play at the Criterion.



Tyrone Power

M. POWER is an Englishman who won his dramatic spurs in America. Both his father and grandfather were distinguished London actors, but he graduated from Dover and reached St. Augustine, Florida, before braving the footlights. After an engagement there in "The Private Secretary," he found a permanent niche in Augustin Daly's company in New York.

For nearly ten years he played the widest range of parts that Daly's repertoire could offer. Then, ready to return to England fully equipped, he spent much of his time there appearing with Sir Herbert Tree. After about five years in London, he came back to New York to create a series of parts for Mrs. Fiske—he was the original Marquis of Steyne to her Becky Sharp.

Then his globe-trotting career took him starting to Australia for two years, and led him back to England to be with Sir Henry Irving in his last appearances at the London Lyceum.

In New York again, he appeared with Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, and Mrs. Leslie Carter in plays that ranged from "Mary of Magdala" to "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Mr. Power played in half a dozen plays for the next few years that culminated in the part of the Drainman in "The Servant in the House."



Photos White

Edwin Nicander

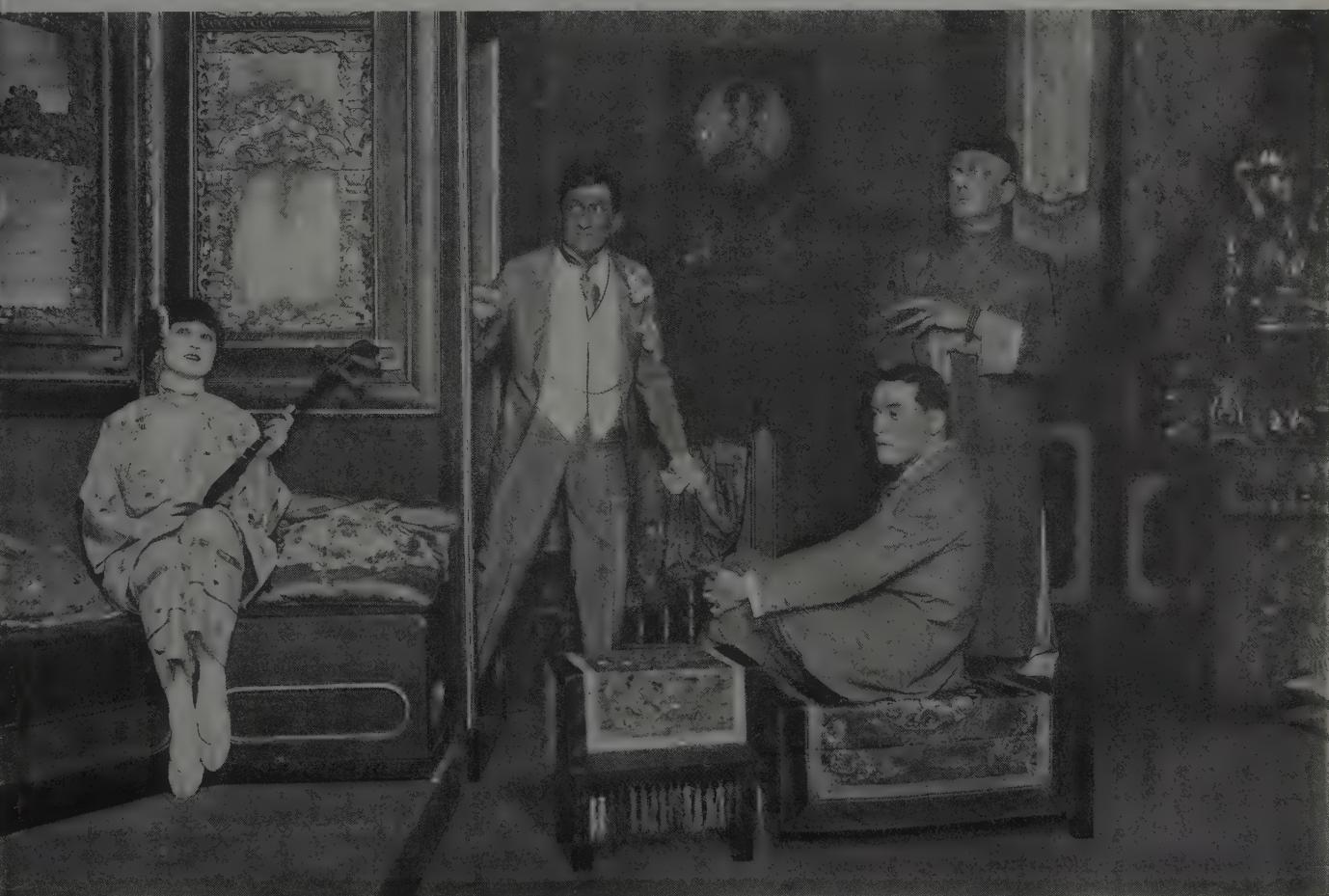
Ethel Stanard

John Burkell Macey Harlam

Helen Holmes

"He entered my room and kissed me—arrest him!"

SCENE IN "KEEP IT TO YOURSELF," A FARCE AT THE 39TH STREET THEATRE



Fay Bainter

George Nash

Forrest Winant Lester Lonergan

"I play you little sing sing girl song."

"EAST IS WEST," A NEW COMEDY NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE ASTOR

FRENCH FARCE AND A TOUCH OF THE ORIENT

BEHIND THE SCENES IN "STOCK"

Something about the hardest-worked players in the profession and what becomes of plays when Broadway has finished with them

By FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE



MY hat's off to stock. When I see a big dramatic production, where the players have been carefully selected to fit the desired types, and where rehearsals have lasted for from four to six weeks, I've got to be shown: but that stock players appearing in widely different parts with never more than one week's rehearsal, can ever give a creditable performance is a matter of never-ending amazement to me. For twenty years I have seen stock—good, bad and indifferent, and the marvel of it never grows less. I do not wonder that so much of it is bad or indifferent; what I can't understand is, how any of it can be good. The mere committing the lines to memory in the limited time allowed, is no small task, to say nothing of giving them proper interpretation, and besides this, the actor must play one part while studying another. Is it any wonder that leading men and women in stock sometimes suffer from nervous breakdown, and that they have but scant time for social relaxations?

The stock company of the better sort usually consists of about fifteen people, of whom one-third are women. They are divided into leads, heavies, ingenues, characters and utilities, and are controlled by a stage director, who rehearses them and is largely responsible for the excellence or poorness of their performance. A good director is a pearl without price while a poor one will mar the work of even competent actors.

I have met many directors and found that they fall roughly into two classes; those who know their business, but are willing to learn, and those who know their business up to a certain point and resent any intimation that they do not know everything. One director told me that he had learned something by watching a fifty-cent sup: while another resented a suggestion regarding a matter upon which he could not very well have been expected to have had technical knowledge.

When E. H. Sothern put on "An Enemy of the King," he secured the services of Captain Alfred Hutton, probably at that time the greatest authority in the world upon ancient sword play, to stage the rapier and dagger fight in it, and it was an exact reproduction of the method of fighting in vogue during the period in which the scenes in the play occurred, and yet a stock director putting on the same fight in a most anachronistic manner, had the nerve to tell me that his fight was better than Sothern's. On the other hand,

a director of stock, freely admitting his lack of military knowledge, asked me to show him how the various articles of equipment which went with a foreign uniform should be worn and was glad to get assistance.

A few years ago a leading man for stock could be secured for \$100 a week, but now good ones receive twice that sum. Leading ladies usually get from twenty-five to fifty dollars more per week than leading men, to compensate them for the increased cost in the upkeep of their wardrobes. From the leads, salaries grade down to about forty dollars a week in good companies and to twenty in cheaper organizations.

In all plays with a modern setting, every actor or actress is obliged to provide their own costumes and this necessitates an extensive wardrobe. A man must have several business suits, a dress suit, dinner coat, frock and cutaway, riding breeches, flannel shirts and two or three overcoats, with hats, shoes and ties to match: a woman requires at least half a dozen ball room gowns, a good supply of street and indoor dresses, besides furs and negligée. When plays of other than the present period are presented, the management furnishes the costumes, which are rented for the occasion.

Much of the success or failure of a stock company depends upon the plays selected, for all plays are not suitable for this class of work. Some managers skimp on this end by putting on plays which can be secured cheaply, but they usually pay for it by impaired box-office receipts, except in places where they have no competition, and since the movies came in, few of these exist to-day.

A good play that has had a long New York run the previous season, when first released for stock, will often rent for \$500 a week, while plays that have never enjoyed a metropolitan engagement, can be obtained as cheaply as \$30. Probably \$250 would be the average weekly play bill of a first-class stock company. These plays come from the broker in the form of typewritten parts, no one, except the director, receiving the complete play. As these parts are typed only upon one side, they are called "sides" and in speaking of them an actor always says that he has so many sides this week. From seventy to ninety sides usually fall to the part of the leading people, and from that point grade down to bits. Each side contains only the lines of each actor and the closing words of the previous speech which form

the cue. Unless the actor has seen the play, or appeared in it before, he hasn't any idea of what his lines are about or how they relate to his cues. Imagine the difficulty of learning a thing like this every week, while appearing daily in an entirely different play.

Parts are usually distributed Monday and the first rehearsal is Tuesday morning. At this rehearsal the actors sit around and read their lines watching to see where their cues come from, while the director follows them with his complete script and explains the action or "business" as it is called.

The actors study their parts during their spare time and the next morning are supposed to be "rough perfect in the first act." This means that they go through the first act without consulting their manuscript except when they get stuck. Every morning rehearsals keep up until by Saturday every one is "letter perfect" in his or her part. Anyone who is not, spends a strenuous Sunday getting up in it. The dress rehearsal Monday smooths out any rough edges that may remain. While the play is in progress, the director or his assistant, stands in the wings following the action with his complete script, ready to whisper a forgotten line in case of a breakdown. It is surprising how seldom this occurs and even when it does, most actors and actresses are usually quick-witted enough to cover it up so the audience is none the wiser. Covering up a forgotten line, or stage wait, is called "faking," and I have seen some amazingly clever things done in this direction.

Funny things happen on the stage which are not in the play and it takes a good actor to surmount them. I remember once witnessing a scene in a romantic play in which the leading lady had just gone off after dropping a rose. The leading man had picked up this rose and was down on one knee gazing lovingly at it, when the most moth-eaten looking cat that I have ever seen walked on, took one look at the picture and turned toward the audience as much as to say, "Well, what do you know about that?" The house was in an uproar but the actor held his pose until the cat had been chased off and when things had quieted down, got away with his scene.

While a good deal of stock work must of necessity be of a more or less indifferent quality, when compared with that of more pretentious organizations, I have seen some that equalled two dollar productions.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

February 1—Victor Herbert.

Henry Miller.

February 2—Bobby North.

February 3—Lina Abarbanell.

February 5—Maxine Elliott.

February 7—Francis Wilson.

Robert Mantell.

February 9—Cyril Scott.

Mrs. Pat Campbell.

George Ade.

February 11—Valli Valli.

February 14—Charles Rann Kennedy.

Frederick Lewis.

February 15—John Barrymore.

February 17—William Faversham.

Donald Brian.

Frederic de Belleville.

February 22—Marguerite Clark.

February 24—Victor Moore.

February 26—Isabel Irving.

February 27—Emily Stevens.

February 28—Christie McDonald.



Moffett

MARY COMPTON

William Faversham's new leading woman, who is appearing as Hazy Dream in "Lord and Lady Algy." Mr. Faversham and Maxine Elliott, his co-star, are making a transcontinental tour in this play, and they are ably supported by Miss Compton



Marcia Stein

YVONNE GARRICK

Who has recently acted with great success at the French Theatre du Vieux Colombier in "Le Gendre de M. Poirier"



Sarony

SUZANNE CAUBET

This young French player has been acting with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who is her godmother. At Bernhardt's suggestion she remained in this country, and as she speaks English fluently will no doubt be seen shortly on the American stage



Campbell

MAE WEST

The tough girl of "Some Time," the musical success at the Casino, whose clever dancing is one of the bright spots of the piece

THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences



DANGER AHEAD—IN KILLARNEY

By Chauncey Olcott



CHAUNCEY OLCOPT

ONE meets with so many startling events in this nomadic life of ours that it is rather difficult to remember just which particular moment or episode took the prize for being the most striking. One of them was the coming to me of the late Augustus Pitou with the announcement that he wished to transform me from an opera singer into an Irish star.

There was another episode that will always live vividly green in my memory. It was almost a tragedy and I very nearly posed as the bright particular star of a funeral. There was a humorous side to it, too. Now that it is all over, I feel quite capable of finding the humor. I didn't just at the time. It happened in Ireland some years ago, when I was spending my summer vacation in that land of scenic beauty. Among the beautiful spots I visited was Killarney and, hearing much of the wonderful scenery along the road known as the Prince of Wales Route, between Killarney and Glengariff, I determined to make the trip. I hired a jaunting car and started out with pleasurable anticipations. It is one of the wonder spots of the Green Isle and I was in raptures. The jarvey who drove me was a perfect encyclopædia of local history and anecdote and was fully as enjoyable as the scenery. Many an interesting spot was made doubly interesting by his weird tales. He was a careful driver too, a fact for which I mentally offered up thanks as we passed along some particularly dangerous mountain paths. Did you ever ride on an Irish jaunting car? If you did, you may remember what an acrobatic feat it is for anyone but a native passenger to stick there and to keep from being catapulted from the seat over to the side of the road when the car whirls around a corner.

I was one of the unfortunate ones who had not been brought up in a country where the light and festive jaunting car was a vehicle in common use, so I did not possess the faculty of lolling back in luxurious comfort on that very uncertain seat. Every moment I seemed to be on the point of flying off and hung on desperately on the back of that seat. There was one point where we dashed along that made the hair on my head stand up straight and made me register a wish that I had never taken the ride. The path was unusually narrow and on my side there yawned an abyss of a thousand feet or more in depth. A wall had formerly guarded the spot, but had yielded to the argument of a landslide and had fallen to the valley below leaving the road unprotected. As I hung on to the slender railing, I seemed to be hanging over the edge of that precipice. My hold tightened, for that place seemed miles deep. The driver momentarily glanced back anxiously. I thought he was looking to see if his fare was still there. We passed the danger spot and my heart, which had been somewhere in close proximity to my thorax,

resumed its normal position. When we reached a wide place in the road, the jarvey stopped his horse and proceeded to examine the wheel on the side where I was sitting.

"Begorah! I knew it!" he exclaimed.

"What's the trouble?"

"Do you remember that bad place in the cliff?" I nodded an assent.

"Well, the nut flew off the wheel and it's the wondher o' the worruld that we didn't all go over the precipice."



MY GREATEST TRAGEDY

By Jeanne Eagels



© Strauss-Peyton
JEANNE EAGELS

ALL the tragic incidents of my theatrical life came to me between the ages of seven and fifteen. That is because I was a super-sensitive child who had a tremendous belief in a great destiny. Anything that impeded my progress in the theatre, therefore, took on the proportions of tragedy in my estimation.

From my present vantage point the most of them are excruciatingly funny to me now. This is particularly true of an experience which came to me at the age of thirteen.

I was playing the "tank-towns" of the middle west in a play called "Buffalo Bill, Jr., King of the Wild West." We traveled in a canvas covered train, and carried one horse with the show which I rode. We also carried some Indians, who were advertised in our billing to give Wild West exhibitions. For their mounts we depended upon securing horses after arriving in each town. Coming to a little Kansas city we had great difficulty in getting any horses—in fact had about given up in despair when the manager of the company found a single liveryman who had three old nags. These were promptly engaged, and preparations made for giving our first performance. Everything went all right until the Indians appeared on the livery horses. Immediately the audience recognized them, and rose *en masse* to hoot us out of town. I was so frightened that I put my little horse—the one belonging to the company—to a gallop and never stopped until I arrived at the next town, nine miles distant. There I found myself alone, clothed in a white leather riding suit, (which was my costume for the play) without a cent of money and so scared I couldn't even remember our next booking. It took the company manager three days to locate me, and to again get his show together.

From my present place in association with Mr. Belasco, in his production of "Daddies," playing the part of an exquisitely refined English girl, to the experience I have cited there is a far cry. In such perspective I can tell about it with a laugh, but when it happened I was a terrifically frightened little girl of thirteen summers who felt that her destiny had been forever sealed by such an experience.

STREET URCHINS AND I

By Florence Nash

ONE'S life is full of striking episodes, but as time passes, they all fade into a hazy past with less distinctive incidences. But a most unusual thing occurred to me on New Year's day.

It was just before the matinée of "Remnant" at the Morosco Theatre, and I was dressed in the most raggedy of ragged dresses, with dilapidated shoes and stockings. My get-up made me think of the time when I was a little girl, held in the throes of desire to run away, to go barefooted and to wear ragged clothes, but none of these desires were ever expressed. Mother saw to it that Mary and I were well-behaved children and upheld the conventions of the Nash family.

And so waiting in the wings for the curtain to rise upon an expectant New Year's audience I opened the stage door for a breath of air, and was again seized with a nostalgia for the open road. I knew I had ten minutes more, so I stepped out in the alleyway, and leaned against the wall, whistling a New Year's anthem I learned when I went to school. Along came a band of street urchins—as ragged and tattered as myself.

"Hello!" said one of them edging up to me, and eyeing me with speculative interest.

"Hello," I answered without moving.

Then compelled by some strange community of spirit we all moved along toward the street, the children shouting and singing.

The stage director coming out to stop the noise before the raising of the curtain, beheld me in blank amazement. I confess that the sight of him startled me to a restored sense of responsibility. I also confess that I blushed scarlet under my make-up.

Even now, I can't realize how it all came about. Bidding a dozen good-byes to the street urchins, I went back to the Morosco to become only a Parisian waif of the stage.

You know the rest. In the play, I'm an awfully good pert young person. When the young civil engineer is poor and deserted by the creature in whom he wasted his affections I am right on the spot to console him. But the few moments spent with those real waifs gave me a better local color for my assumed character.

Now, there may be some who will consider this in the light of a fish story, and others more polite, will doubt the authenticity of the minor details, and to these I can only say that I've set down the events as they have really occurred. But since this incident happened, I've been a little troubled—what, if under the influence of the raggedy dress, and the "atmosphere" of the part, I should really like little orphan Annie, really run away and leave the show in a quandary?

I hope the producer will send the police after me at once, for really—at my age it's better fun to play a street waif on the stage than on the street.



Gentle
FLORENCE NASH

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

THE success of an amateur performance depends almost wholly on the knowledge, sympathy, and taste of the director, therefore great care should be taken in choosing him. Needs to say, the ideal director does not exist; if, his attributes should be constantly borne in mind. If he lacks the artist's sense of color, rhythm, and proportion, then an art adviser must be called in to suggest color schemes as regards costumes, scenery, furniture, and lighting. Nowadays, great attention is being paid to these matters, and the subtle effect of background and detail is much greater than is commonly supposed. The play is of first importance—that must never be forgotten—but these other matters are too often neglected.

SIMILARLY with costumes, music, scenery, it is never amiss to consult authorities. But once more be it repeated, the whole production should bear the imprint of the director's personality, because only in this way can we hope for that essential unity of effect which is a basic principle of all art. Co-operation with, but, in the last analysis, subservient to, the director, is the keynote of success.

OBVIOUSLY, the choice of the cast should depend upon the ability of the actors, although in the case of an organization like a school or college dramatic club, this system is not always practicable or even advisable. Every member of such a club should be trained to work for a common end, and a system by which amateurs are made to understand the necessity of assuming first small and unimportant roles and working up gradually to the greater and more important ones, makes for harmony and completeness of effect in performances. It should be one of the chief ends of amateur producing to get away from the curse of the professional stage: the star system. It has been stated here that the greatest emphasis must be laid on the play itself, and no actor, professional or amateur, should ever labor under the delusion that he is of greater or even as great importance as

CHOOSING THE CAST FOR AN AMATEUR PLAY

the play in which he strives to act his part. The average actor is inclined to judge a play's merit according to the sort of part it furnishes him; the amateur spirit has done much to do away with this attitude, and it is to be hoped that no coach will ever do otherwise than discourage it.

COMPETITION as a means of selecting a cast is in most cases the best method. The play once selected, the people from among whom the cast is to be formed are assembled. It is a good plan to have every one read the play first, and make a study of at least one scene of it. Then, either alone or in company with one, two, or three others, he reads—or recites from memory—the scene in question, either before the entire club or before a committee of judges. Each actor is judged on appearance, ease, voice, and insight into the character he is portraying. The judges, seconded possibly by the members of the club (whose votes should, by the way, be of only secondary importance), then select those whom they consider best fitted for the parts. In every case the director should give final sanction to the selection.

IN cases where members must at first assume only minor parts because of club rules, there may arise some difficulty: for example, a beginner may be better fitted to assume an important rôle than older club members. Such cases must of course be dealt with individually.

In organizations which are not run on so democratic a basis, the director selects the cast himself. On the whole, this is much the best system.

tem, as the director is left a free field in which to work out his own problems in his own way. If it is at all possible, an amateur club ought to put everything, including the responsibility, into the hands of a competent director. In this respect, the despotism of the professional stage is most beneficial. Whether the coach be an outsider hired for the occasion, or a regular member of the club, in nine cases out of ten he will establish and maintain harmony, allow no real talent to languish, and be at least in a position to produce definite artistic results. Amateur management has spoiled much good material. A director with full authority can work more easily and efficiently if left to his own devices than if trammelled with rules and regulations.

THE theatre, 'behind the scenes,' is a despotic institution; it must be, but the greatest care must be taken in choosing the right despot. Should the coach be a professional manager or actor, or should he be an amateur? The question is a difficult one. There are, it goes without saying, many excellent directors who are or have been professionals; on the other hand, it cannot be denied that some of the best amateur work in this country has been done by directors whose experience on the professional stage, has, to say the least, been limited. Some such training is beneficial, but to put a professional of many years' experience in charge of amateurs is likely to make of the amateurs a company of puppets imitating only some of the externals of professionalism. The best director, therefore, seems to be a person who has some professional experience, but who has likewise dealt with amateurs; one who enters into the amateur spirit, and understands its difference from the professional world, and does not try to train his company to imitate stock actors or "stars."

Understudies may be chosen in the same manner as the first cast.

After the choosing of the casts, the next step is rehearsing.

The material for this article was taken from Barrett H. Clark's book "How to Produce Amateur Plays," published by Little, Brown & Company.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF RECENT AMATEUR PERFORMANCES

RECREATION CENTER, Providence, R. I.: Under the supervision of Miss Sarah Elizabeth Minchin, Director of Drama and Pagaentry, of the Board of Recreation, the Recreation Center has creditably produced and acted an interesting program of plays during the past year, among them, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse," at the Veazie Street Center, "Miss Civilization," at the George J. West Center, and the spectacular and patriotic pageant, "The Drawing of the Sword," at Davis Park.

* * *

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, Nashville, Tenn.: The class in dramatics, under the direc-

tion of Nancy Rice Anderson, gave a simplified version of "Everywoman." They evolved the idea for the use of schools and colleges, eliminating all spectacular effects, elaborate scenery and costumes, and relying entirely upon the appeal and beauty of the play as a poetic story.

* * *

WATERLOO COMMUNITY DRAMA LEAGUE, Waterloo, Ia.: Mr. Carl Glick, formerly professor of dramatic expression at the Fairmount College, Wichita, Kansas, and now Director of the Waterloo Community Theatre, presented in their theatre, five original one-act

plays written by local people, and "The Truth," by Clyde Fitch.

* * *

THE COMEDY PLAYERS, Kansas City, Mo.: Under the auspices of the Comedy Club, the Players gave an interesting program of four one-act plays, at the Little Theatre. "No Smoking," a farce from the Spanish, was produced by Maurice Quincey. "The Miracle of St. Anthony," by Maeterlinck, jointly produced by James F. Goodman and Maud Morrison. "Efficiency," by R. H. Davis and P. P. Sheehan, produced by Melville H. Hudson, Jr., and "Temperament," produced by Ann Peppard.

DRAMATICS AT BEECHWOOD SCHOOL

In the town of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania a clever group of amateurs give a series of interesting plays

THE dramatic work at Beechwood School assumes two phases—platform recitals and presentation of plays.

The staging capacity of the school is very limited, nevertheless during its brief history of three years, the dramatic department has succeeded in producing effectively the three-act plays, "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "The Rivals," and the one-act plays, "Six Cups of Chocolate," Act 1 of Rostand's "Romancrs," Gilbert's fairy farce, "Creatures of Impulse," "From the Opera Comique," and "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France.

The first glimpse of the auditorium and its bare platform stage, struck despair into the heart of the dramatic coach—but in spite of difficulties, plays had to be reproduced, so she set to work to surmount the limitations of a low ceiling, no exits, and two white pillars in front of the platform, which broke the picture into three parts. The one advantage was heavy green curtains on iron rings, worked by ropes, which could be easily operated from the sides.

THE play in question was "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." The scene to be set was a fourteenth century room, with a center door, and a window to the left. First the school carpenter was summoned, who erected a scaffolding of two by fours, the size and shape of a room suited to the capacity of the platform. Then terra-cotta building paper was tacked on to the scaffolding, leaving open space for the door and window which were shaped in gothic style—over which was placed narrow strips of wood painted black, to give the appearance of leaded glass. According to stage directions found in the play, a street ran in front of the house on which passed peddlers, beggars and gamins, while the play continued in the background. Because of



the low ceiling and lack of platform depth, it was impossible to follow this scheme; therefore the street must be seen through the open door and window at the back.

However there was no landscape drop and no money to have one painted by a professional scene painter; what was to be done? Upon consulting the head of the school art department, it was found that the cost of paint and canvas was also beyond our range. Consequently the dramatic coach suggested that building paper be tacked on old screens she found tucked away in the store rooms and the desired scenes sketched in colored chalks. With much enthusiasm the artist fell in with the plan, and the illusion of a street was produced back of the open door past which walked the different street-vendors, selling their wares, and the old blind violinist playing his three-note melody.

NOW what to do for furniture of the period!

The coach and stage committee went scouting through the school for old furniture, finding a revolving book rack, an old-fashioned bench, etc.; still certain pieces necessary to the action were lacking, so the carpenter was again employed to make at comparatively little cost, a small step-ladder, which the lawyer mounted in order to reach the top of the tall bookcase, that he might escape the clatter of his formerly dumb wife's released tongue.

The cheapest hired costume comes to two dollars; hence cheese cloth and cambrics of fitting color were selected and fashioned by the Domestic Science department, into the style of the period.

THUS the stage set was made, the necessary furniture procured, and the cast characteristically costumed, at very little expense, and yet with enough semblance to the time to produce the atmosphere.

In this way a little "ingenuity and artifice" will save many a dollar and get results in amateur productions.



CHILDREN'S YEAR ON THE AMATEUR STAGE

By MILDRED SEANEY

Instructor of Dramatics and Story Telling at William Woods College



11S is the children's year in everything. Children came into their own in 1918. They draw to the movies, they tread the boards of the ultimate stage, they look at us from the pages our periodicals,—everywhere we see them and recognize that they are first. We see them in the picture shows. And the best that we remember the great war movies from "The Birth of a Nation" to "Hearts of the World" is not the dash of mortars nor the realistic panorama of war zone but the smiles and the tear-stained cheeks of the child actors.

However, if we could not justify the movies any other thing, we should have to thank them for revealing to us in these war years the essentialities of the child. We bless them and their producers for making the dear heroes of our childhood live again. Tut, tut, what a wonderful trick the Giant Killer! And there was Aladdin and Oliver Twist and the Seven Swans and Pickleberry and now they are doing Little Women.

Even the great literati, our most modern modernists, seem to think they do not count unless they create a child or tell a story over again for the children. Maybe that is true—perhaps they could not count otherwise.

INCE they are first everywhere, it is only natural to find them the primal attraction on the stage this year. Ada Patterson in the December number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE tells us that this is children's year on the stage, and indeed it would seem so from the number of youthful precocities starring in successful Broadway productions. Very far-sighted was the dramatist who brought out his play with children in it this season of 1918-1919. Very fortunate indeed was the Belgian Shakespeare to have his youth speak again this year. Exceedingly lucky was the Mr. Producer who found the right child for the right rôle. Certainly Mr. Maeterlinck had no need of saving his sequel to the Bluebird in years, Augustus Thomas-like, until the dear public was equal to his play. Query: Are Mr. Elasco and Mr. Griffith and other managers only interested in the child on the screen and on the stage from the point of view of the elusive public and box-office sales? Not so. We do credit these men with the good sense to give the public what it wants to see, but never would we accuse these managers of taking advantage of our universal weakness by commercializing the child. One could never say that of these child lovers and child discoverers. We might rather suggest that these producers being human—and producers are the most human of all beings,—are but proving our point that the child as permeated the crusty heart of the world.

BUT not only is the child appearing on the professional stage this year, amateurs also are recognizing the child's natural interpretative gifts. Amateurs are imitators, you say? Sometimes, perhaps, but not in this case. All of us, professionals, amateurs and audience—all are turning to the child. In the last few years the children's pageant, the children's theatre and stock company have been made part of our endeavor to let the children bring us their messages.

The one outstanding author of children's plays is Constance D'Arcy Mackaye. There is no need

for any one else to enter the field, she has won all the bouts. If you would like a single historical story that she has overlooked, just be seated—she will correct the omission and write a little play for your needs while you wait. If you would like to know how to stage a child's play, make its costumes, or what not, she has books and books on the subject. Right here we would say that the old entertainment of "pomes" and songs is gone. Such authors as Constance D'Arcy Mackaye have made it possible for school, home and church to present a little play that is a unit instead of the conglomerate mass of nothingness that too often goes into the making of the average get-up program.

TO return to my major premise that the child is in the universal mind: When a group of school girls in a remote Missouri college town chose their Christmas plays, they did not know that children were a la mode in New York and hence cannot be said to be imitators when they chose plays with children in them, "Holly Tree Inn" and "Why The Chimes Rang." These players of William Woods, Missouri's rising young junior college, in the "Kingdom of Callaway," organized their dramatic club last year, and, under the direction of the writer, produced several groups of plays. The acting of these people was on several occasions of the finesse of the most

children, Oliver, David, Nell and Little Tim, there are none so adorable as those two who ran away to Gretna Green to get married. By one of those happy chances that the amateur producer never quite understands, a couple of tots were discovered for the parts of Master Harry Walmers and his sweetheart, Miss Norah, who fairly lived the old tale over again.

They took the audience by storm, the crowd laughed at everything they did. Master Leland Jameson, cast for the part of Harry Walmers, Jr., found himself famous at the age of seven, and he is still the talk of Fulton town. This petite marionette, not much bigger than one of Tony Sarg's dolls, was the tempo, atmosphere, he was the whole show. He spoke his lines when he got ready, good and ready, with dead assurance and with the glee of the Fox kiddie. There were children in the audience, happy ones; clerical people—a conservative Presbyterian preacher with a stern presiding elder beside him who was delighted.

THE second play, "Why the Chimes Rang," is a dramatization made from the well-known story by Alden and is the work of Professor Baker's Play Writing Class at Harvard. It is laid in the dusk of a day of Long Ago. There are peasant lads in scarlet, shadows on dim hut walls, suspense of light and sound equal to Maeterlinck's "The Intruder"; there is a vision of a chancel scene where tall ladies in lofty head-dresses and a king offer their gifts to the Christ Child; there are chimes, organ music and alleluias—it has all these things that are the delight of the amateur producer. The acting of Miss Elizabeth Harlin, who took the part of Holger, was given very favorable comment. She is an example of one of those rare girls who has managed to retain her childish freedom and joy.

A WORD to amateurs: If you would score a hit in your town this year, choose a play with a child lead, find precocious infants with lots of uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandparents, advertise little, and you will be able to adopt a Fatherless French child with your proceeds as did this group of William Woods Players. Besides there will be the Happiness. This is children's year on the amateur stage.

THE little theatre movement is to venture forth newly in St. Louis in the form of a children's theatre, according to the model followed in several Eastern cities. The Children's Dramatic Club with a long list of patronesses, is to make its débüt shortly at the Artist's Guild Theatre.

MISS ALICE MARTIN, Miss Marguerite Breen and Joseph Solari are at the head of the enterprise, and the first play will be "The Happy Princesses," taken from one of Grimm's fairy tales. Some twenty-five well-known children will appear in the cast and the play will be presented with a fidelity to every detail of stage craft. Miss Breen designed the costumes. It is hoped eventually to open a children's theatre in St. Louis with a volunteer company to give regular performances.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Amateur Department will be glad to consider for future publication, articles pertaining to children's plays, and photographs.



LELAND JAMESON,
in the part of Harry Walmers, Jr.
This little marionette, not much bigger than one of Tony Sarg's dolls, was the tempo, atmosphere—he was the whole show

devoted of amateurs. Among the plays given last year were "The Neighbors," "The Sidhe of Ben-More," "The Hour Glass," "Spreading the News" and at commencement Noyes' "Sherwood" with original music. But it was not until they presented the old story by him who loved 'em best, Charles Dickens, that these players made their hit. Of all the Dickens family of dear

THE COMMUNITY PLAYERS—BOSTON



THE newly organized Community Players of Boston recently signalled their efforts with a "first Boston performance" upon their programme. They made a very auspicious beginning with a well-staged and adequately acted presentation of Lord Dunsany's charming "Tents of the Arabs." Their programme which was repeated at the theatre of the Elizabeth Peabody House in the West End, included David Pinski's "A Dollar." Two seasons ago "A Dollar" was given its first New York performance by the Provincetown Players; to Boston it is the first of any of the plays by the noted author of "The Treasure" to be presented. The rest of the programme comprised "The American Idea," by Lily Carruth; "A Florentine Episode," by Alice de Bellesseaux, and "Hunger," by Eugene Pillot.

NOT without interest was Eugene Pillot's "Hunger," more frankly symbolic than the Pinski play, more conventionally so, yet not without a touch of originality and the presence of some very speakable lines. Before the tower that leads to the fulfilment of the divers hungers that gnaw at the human stomach and the human soul, come The Beggar, The Poet, The Man, The Girl and the

Satisfied One. Only the last has been through the door of the tower that leads to hunger's fulfilment. The others, one by one attempting to force their way through, are obliged to wait until he who has been satisfied may come their way and teach them the "Open, Sesame." The Beggar wants but bread, and most comically does he taunt the others on their hungers, which seem so unsubstantial beside the cravings of his much-mentioned belly. The Poet (spoiled by a most lackadaisical, willow-walyish inter-

pretation) seeks love; the Girl would have the beauty which, to her, is summed up in wonderful dresses; the Man wants fame. And now, bent and gray, comes the Satisfied One, who counsels them not to pass beyond the door. The Beggar laughs at him; well may the Satisfied One counsel that, for he has been beyond the portals and tasted the largess across that threshold. First, the hungry ones wheedle the old man, then they threaten; at last the door gives way and each enters to sate the hunger that cries within. "Fools! Fools!" cries the Satisfied One. For he alone knows that they have lost the food of illusion at the banquet table of their fulfilled desires.

THERE is in Pillot's "Hunger" more than a touch of suggestions from the "Blue Bird," nor has he been uninfluenced by Dunsany. Yet there is something of Pillot, too, in the piece; the Beggar is a very effective figure, and the characterization of that part by Robert Winternitz was the best acting of the evening.

THERE is genuine dramatic movement to the play which was produced by the author who also acted the Satisfied One. The staging was imaginative.



Scene from "Hunger," in which Eugene Pillot, the author, plays "The Satisfied One," Robert Winternitz, The Beggar, Frank Carson, The Poet, Beulah Auerbach, The Girl and Reginald Coggeshall, The Man

BOOKS AND PLAYS OF INTEREST TO AMATEURS

PUNISHMENT. By Burleigh and Bierstadt. Four acts.

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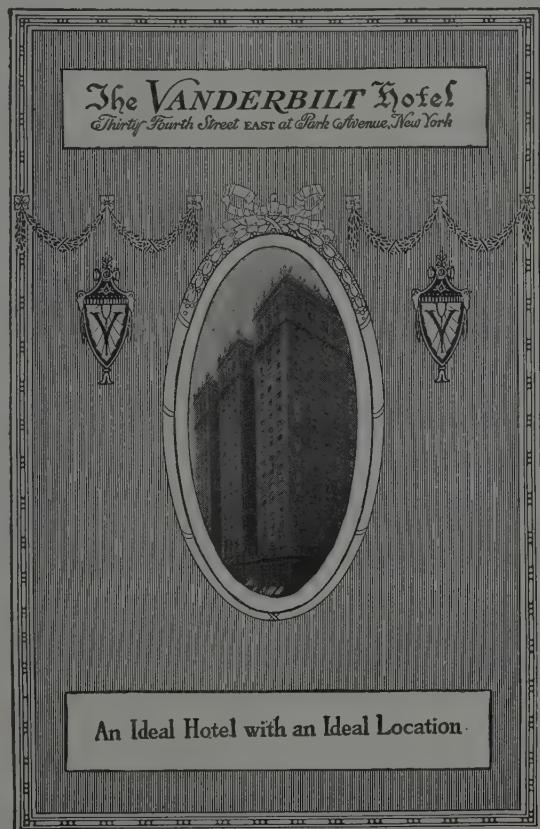
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

6 East 39th Street

New York



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WALTON H. MARSHALL,
Manager

TYPES—

BERTHA KALICH— POLISH

By

ANNE ARCHBALD

Since Poland is so enlisting our interest and heartfelt sympathy at present we are especially pleased to be showing you this beautiful Polish type



AND a really, truly Polish type! Not by way of England or France or any indirect route, but straight from out the heart of Polish Galicia—from Lemberg, its capital, where Madame Kalich was born. What is the Polish type? Very slender and tall, for one thing, in Madame Kalich's case tall to the height of about five-feet-eight-and-three-quarters, of which a certain artist-connoisseur on beauty has said, "and that, I think, is just the perfect height for a woman." Then Madame Kalich has a very white skin, which stands out in striking contrast with her dark brown burnished hair and wonderful liquid brown-black eyes, the beauty of the whole intensified and deepened by an expression of that alluring Slavic melancholy. Hers is a type especially inspiring to the creator of clothes. She can "carry off" lines and vivid and unusual color combinations that others cannot. In "The Riddle: Woman" Madame Kalich wears these "inspired" gowns.



Photo Goldberg

The vivid and unusual color combination in this tea gown begins with a slip of emerald green satin, continues with an over-tunic of net scattered with large gold flowers, and finishes in a purple chiffon sheathing that composes the upper section the wide drooping sleeves, and then falls down to the floor in two trailing ends



Photo Campbell

The marvellous and beautiful coiffure of Madame Kalich in "The Riddle: Woman" deserved, we thought a close-up. It is dressed by herself and is all her own hair, an eye-witness, who has seen the process of "doing-up," assures us. There is a lower section that is divided off and coiled in the back and around the sides, and a top section that brushes back and rolls under to make the triangular elevation you see, —a purposeful triangulation to emphasize the tiger aspect of the character she plays. All those ladies wishing to do likewise with their own, step up and take notice



Photo Campbell

"Is the frock of gold or of silver metal-cloth?" one asks oneself when Madame Kalich first shimmers onto the stage in it. Until after a bit one sees that it is of both. That is, there are large gold flowers on a silver background. Besides that there is a corselet of coruscating lace, and ropes of twisted corals which make the most enchanting contrast with a scarf of dull amethyst chiffon, bordered and tasseled in silver



Photo Goldberg

Rising from a closely-wrapped black velvet skirt is this black chiffon bodice, the whole part of a black velvet street costume that includes a long velvet coat and black velvet hat both trimmed with fitch. The chiffon shows touches of red and green and gilt embroidery, there is a red border to the square neck, and a green ribbon outlining the waist; and where the skirt amusingly rolls back is a gold tissue facing



Photo White

Miss Jobyna Howland, who is making the audiences at "The Little Journey" rock with laughter over her character portrayal of "Mrs. Welch," is a lovely tall lady, who shows off gowns to an advantage. This beige gabardine suit of Miss Howland's, a personal, not a stage costume, has the correct lines for the spring tailleur. In case you need a model you couldn't do anything better than copy it. And add all its charming accessories, besides

This picture of Miss Frances Starr seems rather more reminiscent of her former rôle of Marie Odile than of her present one in "Tiger! Tiger!" But then the garment is a personal, not a stage one, a Batiked house-robe with a pale grey background scattered with pastel-colored flowers, and all its edges bound with ribbon. (You can't get away from ribbon.) This on Miss Starr's robe is "Sankanac" ribbon, a ribbon that is satin on one side and gros-grain on the other, and the guarantee of whose perfection is that it is a Johnson, Cowdin ribbon, a sister to that "Lady Fair" whom you already know

STAGE AND PALM BEACH CLOTHES SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS

By

ANGELINA



SINCE the New Year I've been constantly at the theatre, matinées, evenings. Of course I see all the new plays as they come out, but the past two weeks I have been going the rounds, doing "repeats" of everything I liked. I've taken three different sets of people, for instance, to see "The Little Journey" at the Little Theatre. It's a perfectly delicious play, and there's a splendid cast with Estelle Winwood and Cyril Keightley and Jobyna Howland, whose "Mrs. Welch" almost runs away with the show. Miss Howland is one of our most remarkable character actresses.

You are inclined to think of character actresses as being outside the beauty class, aren't you? But Miss Howland isn't. She's stunning—you have only to look at her photograph.... She is quite tall—I wish I were, I'm getting to be frightfully keen about tall women—and shows off her clothes to such advantage. In "The Little Journey" she wears the loveliest traveling costume of dove-grey chiffon, self-bordered, the skirt trimmed with black satin ribbon going round and round diagonally from top to bottom, and with a dear little straight box jacket of the chiffon bordered with black fox fur.

* * *

ANOTHER comédienne who can be relied on for thrills in clothes is Nora Bayes. I saw her too for a repeat, the second time at the Nora Bayes Theatre, into which "Ladies First," of which she is the bright particular star, has recently moved. Miss Bayes is showing some lovely new gowns with real thrills in the color schemes. Don't you like the combination of an American Beauty chiffon frock with a muff of royal blue ostrich and a small hat entirely covered with a sweeping blue plume? Or an evening frock of lime green velvet with an ostrich fan of soft French blue?

* * *

I NOTICED lots of ribbon used on stage frocks, by the way. On Miss Howland's grey gown, mentioned above, on three of Miss Bayes' frocks, and in many other cases of which I regret I haven't time to tell.



Photo Charlotte Fairchild



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ENLIGHTENED people always have recognized the health-value of clean teeth. Today they are more necessary than ever—for social and business success—for personal health and efficiency—for full enjoyment of The Pleasures of Life.

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Ask your druggist for Dr. Sheffield's Crème Dentifrice. Note how thoroughly and pleasantly it cleanses the teeth—what an agreeable aftertaste it leaves.

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STAGE AND PALM BEACH CLOTHES SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS



Photo White

It is going to be a ribbon year, everybody says, ribbon to right of us, ribbon to left of us, ribbon on top and underneath, on gowns and on hats! On the Pompadour frock of Miss Nora Bayes the interesting trimming is made with little ruchings of "Rainbow" ribbon, the word "Rainbow" referring not to the coloring of the ribbon, which is blue, but to its quality, and the fact that it comes in every shade of the spectrum.

Whatever is prepared for Palm Beach to wear is always of the greatest interest. For it prophesies what we shall wear later on in the spring and summer. And the very best place to find out what the smart new notes in Southern clothes are is at J. M. Giddings'. You will see from this all white organdie frock taken from there, that sleeves are to be short again; the elbow puffs being very characteristic of the latest mode; that necks are round and have bib collars; that apron effects and sashes are still in order. The hat for this frock is a marvel, of blue and green mixed straw threaded with narrow blue and green grosgrain ribbons, and with blue and green flowers laid on the brim.



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All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



They End the Film

Countless people are now cleaning their teeth in a new way. And modern dentists all over America are urging other people to join them.

The old ways proved inefficient. As millions know, they failed to prevent tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, tartar, decay and pyorrhea constantly became more common.

Some years ago the reason was discovered. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which constantly forms on teeth.

That film gets into crevices, hardens and stays. It resists the tooth brush, and most tooth troubles are now known to be due to it.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And many troubles besides tooth troubles are traced to this germ-breeding film.

After years of research, a way has been found to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by adequate clinical tests.

For general use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply a One-Week tube to all who ask, so the millions may quickly know it.

Let It Convince You

The Pepsodent results are quickly apparent. After a few days' use you will never forget them.

The basis is pepsin, the digest-ant of albumin for the film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin must be activated. The ordinary agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. For long that fact made pepsin seem impossible.

Now modern science has discovered a harmless, activating method. Five governments already have granted patents. It is that method which makes possible this efficient application.

Four years have been spent by dentists in proving the value of this product. Now we urge all people to prove it by a home test.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth

paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

All this means that the film which wrecks teeth can now be effectively combated. And you will never cease to do that when you see what it means to you.

Cut out the Free Coupon now.

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Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

[148B]



If you could read what the stars were saying just now about beauty culture, you would probably find some such prediction and warning as this:

"February and March are dangerous months for complexions. Women can't be too careful of their skins at this time. The high winds of the period combined with the cold, unsettled weather will produce a reddened and roughened skin, unless constant attention is given to its condition...."

I noticed so many women around town with complexions visibly under the weather, looking so dry, and red, and withered, that I became alarmed about my own and rushed off to Madame Helena Rubinstein's for assistance. You can always rely on her for the ounce of prevention if you haven't gone so far astray as to need the pound of cure—which she is equally able to produce from her magic beauty boxes.



Bonne chance! A new Beauty Foundation Cream—that's the name it comes to when it's called—had just arrived from Paris and was exactly the thing I wanted.

"Was it suited to my skin?" I asked.

"It was suited to any kind of skin," responded Madame Rubinstein, and added that the ingredients were of such a character that while your skin was being made to appear beautiful, it was also being protected and actually being beautified. You couldn't ask for anything fairer than that, could you?

I lost no time in bearing off a box of the cream and applying it, and I found it quite wonderful. Of course I've always used a foundation cream for my powder—What woman who knows anything about skins, does not?—but my old one was to the new as water to the best Grade A milk. It isn't a bit greasy, and it melts into the pores and amalgamates with the skin so neatly and tidily as to leave no visible trace of its presence,—or visible only by the vast improvement that it gives to one's facial appearance, the smoothness and whiteness it imparts to the skin.



Also I bore away two little blue satin vanity boxes, likewise just over from Paris, bound with gilt braid and with a small gold and red eagle on the cover. They contained the new "Victory" powder and "Victory" rouge, deliciously, bafflingly, scented, and just the right size for one's handbag. One's beauty morale couldn't help being materially heightened by them.

Several additions have been made since I last visited Madame Rubinstein's new and wonderful green and white establishment. More of her collection of antiques, furniture and *bibelots*, of pictures, gathered together from all parts of the globe, had arrived from London and Paris. Placed in those two spacious reception rooms on the third floor, they make of their atmosphere a thing uniquely beautiful, as everyone who has been fortunate enough to see them, agrees.

Town Topics

Contains much that should appeal to the readers of THE THEATRE. Its Dramatic criticisms are authoritative.

Its Musical Critic is one of the most competent and accomplished in this Metropolis.

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More about the Theatre Beauty Headquarters

Who is your favorite Queen of the Stage? Whose beauty do you admire the most? If you would see her at close quarters; if you would see her at her beauty rendezvous, where she selects the preparations she finds most kindly to her skin preservation, listen to the secret:—

At 46 West 57th Street, there is a building, white, tall, whose entire space is devoted to the culture of Beauty. It is here that the famous Parisian beauty expert, Mme. Helena Rubinstein, holds sway, giving treatments, giving lessons in home beauty treatments, and suggesting those preparations of her famous products, which seem most suited to the individual case.

Mme. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, of Paris

If you are interested in fine house furnishing and decoration; if you are interested in beautiful painting and sculpture; if you are interested to see the unique building of New York; come to this wonderful establishment on a tour of inspection.

Incidentally, if you wish, you may ask Mme. Rubinstein to tell you just what you had best do to restore your own skin health or keep it.

THE MINIATURE BEAUTY OUTFIT

Gathering together products which would cost ordinarily about \$12.50, this outfit is made to sell for \$5.00. It includes her foremost preparations, selected to exactly suit your needs, and to provide you an all around beauty regime which will last long enough to bring about enough of a change in your complexion condition, to make you a Rubinstein enthusiast forever.

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As a special event commemorating the opening of the new salons of the *Beauté Valaze*, Madame will give a special lesson treatment at three dollars (the regular fee is five to ten dollars) showing you how you may follow the ideas at home yourself, if you like.

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Paris

London

New York

STAGE AND THE NEW WORLD

(Continued from page 68.)

the meaning of the mystery which has come over them. Not only the soldiers, but everyone in the world seems to be seeking for definitions of new problems, and in this great upheaval of the world's reconstruction the playwright has a unique opportunity of giving answers as wisely and as sincerely as the church.

Admitting that the technical necessities of the theatre must be observed, it does not seem to me that it is an excuse for failing to create plays which would present a deeper understanding of modern changes, plays which foresee the development of sociology, which try to look over the edge of the future. If they cannot do this, they can at least share the optimism of life which the war has really awakened; they can insist upon delivering the true message of finer emotions, of broader social outlook.

I should like to be able to send the people of the church to the theatre where they would find the stage extending in most interesting and forceful fashion what the church is endeavoring to teach in the critical period of readjustment and renewal.

The stage never had so great an opportunity to be great power in human progress, and yet the playwrights appear to be blind to the deeper meaning and the far-reaching results of the war. They seem to have been sitting quietly waiting for it to pass, that they might go back again to the old mechanical tricks. We are in a new world; the church, the stage, the press, the politicians must face this stupendous fact. Let us hope they will gratefully welcome this unparalleled opportunity for leadership and service.

Will the stage play its great part in life's most dramatic hour?

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

ALMA GLUCK has a unique facility for reaching the heart with those old-time ballads that are so very dear to us. They never grow old, save as friends grow old and are better loved for it. The simple melody of "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me" is as touching as ever and the words have a new significance for some of us at the present time. The refrain of the melody is repeated by the Orpheus Quartet, which adds greatly to the charm of the record.

Vernon Dalhart is a new Victor artist, and has a fine medium in which to introduce himself in "Rock-a-bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody," by Sam M. Lewis,

Joe Young and Jean Schwartz. It is a darky song of a "rolling stone" who has gone back home to his mammy to be put to bed in the old style. This song has made a big hit at the Winter Garden show, "Sinbad."

"Oh! Frenchy," by Conrad, introduces "Good-bye, Alexander" and "After You've Gone," by Creamer and Layton, together with occasional snatches from some favorites of other days—piquant melodies that came across from France before the war broke out. "Me-ow," by Mel D. Kaufman, is a lively character piece that is just full of "pep" from beginning to end. Dancers will find these two one-steps just the thing to keep them busy.—Adv.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By William Lynn Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE GREEK THEATRE AND ITS DRAMA. By Roy C. Flickinger. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

THE THREE SAPPHIRES. A novel. By W. A. Fraser. New York: Geo. H. Doran Company.

THE CLOSE UP. A novel. By Margaret Turnbull. New York: Harper & Brothers.

EUROPEAN THEORIES OF THE

DRAMA. By Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

COLLECTED PLAYS OF JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company.

COLLECTED POEMS OF JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company.

HOW TO WRITE FOR MOVING PICTURES. By Marguerite Bertsch. Illustrated. New York: George H. Dorn Company.

ROBERT MANTELL'S ROMANCE. By C. J. Bulliet. Illustrated. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

THE EAST-WEST PLAYERS

The East-West Players, one of the few active Little Theatre organizations, has just inaugurated the current season most successfully with the production of its first bill. They invite authors to submit for consideration original one-act plays, and translations from foreign sources.

The organization is not in a position to pay royalties, but promises a very artistic and painstaking production. Players who can offer their services are also invited to join the group. Communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Miss Edna Hellen, 953 Ave. St. John, New York.



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For the Toilette

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is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You may find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the
Bath

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People of culture and refinement
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protects the health of
the scalp and brings out
the beauty of the hair.

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The Winners! In the Zymole Trokey jingle contest

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Yer canteen's got to last all day
when ye're pushin' back the Hun
The roads are chokin' full o' dust
an' th' column's on the run
Ye're hoarse wid yellin' orders
an' yer throat is kinda smoky
Just open up yer feeder
an' "inhale" a Zymole Trokey.

Other Prize Winners Are

2. <i>Mrs. Orion Lowell</i> , New Rochelle, N. Y.	6. <i>R. W. Jones</i> , Ontario, Ore.
3. <i>Harcourt Farmer</i> , Montreal, Canada	7. <i>W. S. Gidley</i> , Springfield, Massachusetts
4. <i>C. S. Garrison</i> , Indianapolis, Indiana	8. <i>H. R. Mygatt</i> , New York City
5. <i>J. Bell</i> , San Francisco, Cal.	9. <i>Sgt. M. L. Tippmann</i> , Atlantic City, New Jersey

THE success of the Zymole Trokey jingle contest which closed Dec. 15, 1918, exceeded all expectations. The many thousands of jingles received made a more difficult task for the judges than was anticipated.

We take this opportunity to extend our thanks to all who contributed. A little booklet containing the winning jingles is being published and will be sent on request.

Zymole Trokeys are not cough drops, but mildly antiseptic throat pastilles of real worth—especially valuable for singers, speakers, smokers and all exposed to the weather or subject to vocal strain.

Zymole Trokey Jingle Contest Committee
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Zymole Trokeys

For Husky Throats

PROMINENT PLAYERS DEAD

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

JOHN MASON.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM, one of the most distinguished actors on the English-speaking stage, died in London on January 12 last.

Although an Englishman, Charles Wyndham was closely identified with the American stage, and was almost as well known here as in his native England. He fought in our Civil War, his sister married Bronson Howard, the well-known American dramatist, and his nephew Bruce McRae is to-day one of the most popular among the leading men of the American stage.

Born at Liverpool in 1837, Wyndham was educated for the medical profession, but successful in amateur theatricals, he decided to go on the stage. His professional débüt was at the old Royalty Theatre, February 8, 1862 as Christopher Carnation in "Carnation of Carnation Cottage." A few months later he sailed for America, when he enlisted in the United States Army. In the capacity of surgeon he was present at the engagements of Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, besides serving all through the Red River campaign under General Banks.

In 1863 he resigned from the army and returned to the stage, appearing in "Brother and Sister" at the Olympic Theatre October 8, under the management of Mrs. John Wood. Returning to England in 1865, he acted in Manchester, Liverpool and London, appearing successfully in a great number of rôles. In 1868 he made his first venture in management, taking a lease of the Princess Theatre, London, but the undertaking was not successful, and he re-appeared in New York at Wallack's September 15, 1869, playing Sir Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal." His reputation as a light comedian now firmly established, the following year he organized his own company and toured the United States. "Pink Dominos," which he produced in 1877, was a piece which he ran for more than 500 nights. Revivals of "Wild Oats" and "David Garrick" were conspicuous successes on both sides of the Atlantic.

For twenty years he successfully managed the Criterion Theatre in London, and he was also proprietor of Wyndham's Theatre and the New Theatre. His notable productions of recent years included "The Tyranny of Tears," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "Rosemary," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace," "Captain Drew on Leave," and "The Mollusc." In this last he appeared at the Empire Theatre in this city in 1909.

JOHN MASON, one of the most prominent actors of our stage, died on January 12 last at Dr. Givens's Sanitarium, Stamford, Conn., where he had been under treatment following a breakdown at Providence, R. I., while giving the première of a new melodrama, "The Woman in Room 13." Bright's disease, with complications, was the cause of death.

Mr. Mason was born at Orange, N. J., in 1838, and was a graduate of Columbia University. He began his stage career at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. He then went to the Boston Museum where he was a great favorite for many years. In 1890 he went to London and made a great success with Sir George Alexander at St. James's Theatre as Simeon Strong, in Haddon Chambers's play, "The Idler." Upon his return to America he starred for three years with Marion Manola, who later became his wife. Mason was on the vaudeville stage with his wife for two years, and in 1896 returned to the legitimate drama, appearing first in London in his old part in "The Idler."

One of his greatest successes was scored in 1907 as Jack Brookfield in Augustus Thomas's play, "The Witching Hour," in which he appeared a total of 970 times. More success followed in a new play by Thomas, "As a Man Thinks," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, where it ran all through 1911. A few years ago he was seen in the rôle of the Judge in "Common Clay" at the Republic.

SHELLEY HULL.

SHELLEY HULL, one of the most popular among the younger leading men of the American stage, and a recent portrait of whom appears elsewhere in this issue, died on January 14 last, a victim of pneumonia following influenza.

Mr. Hull, who has been prominently before the public in such plays as "Why Mafry?" "The Cinderella Man," and "Under Orders," was only 34 years old. He was born in Louisville, Ky., and was the son of the late William N. Hull, for many years dramatic critic of the *Courier-Journal*. With his brother, Howard Hull, who later married Margaret Anglin, he joined the chorus of "Florodora" when that successful musical play appeared in Louisville and stayed on the stage ever since. Later he joined Belasco's forces, appearing in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." This season he scored an emphatic success in "Under Orders."

STEPS IN THE CAREER OF A MASTERPIECE

It is dashed off in an idle hour after dinner.

It is read to the family circle, and greeted with loud cheers.

It is re-read an hour later for the benefit of the aunt who drops in.

It is made the subject of a one-hour discussion, the consensus of opinion being that it should be sent to a magazine.

It is polished and smoothed off on the following evening.

It is re-read once more to the family circle, and voted perfectly great.

It is decided that it is just the sort

of thing that *Stage and Cinema* would like.

It is sent to *Stage and Cinema* with a note explaining how it happened to be written and what the family thinks of it.

It comes back from *Stage and Cinema*, to the consternation and amazement of everyone.

It is kept lying around for a month.

It gets tucked away in the top drawer of the desk, where it is discovered two years later by the author, who wants to know who wrote that mess of junk.

—From *Stage, Cinema and S. A. Pictorial*, Johannesburg.

Music should charm unaided, but its effect is much finer when we use our imagination and let it flow in some particular channel, thus imaging the music. It is then that all the faculties of the soul are brought into play for the same end.—SAINT-SAËNS.

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The only Department of its kind in any magazine—devoted solely to amateurs and their work.

Every month in the Theatre Magazine



Vanity Fair UNDERSILKS

FOR those of us who tip the scales even a tiny ounce beyond fashion's rigid limit, ways and means of "denying our flesh" are tremendously important.

There's nothing that gives us quite the straight up-and-down slimness with never a hump nor bump to mar the line that a silk union suit does!

One objects to the ordinary silk union suit because it simply won't stay closed—it has an uncomfortable tendency to gap. Now, Vanity Fair just loves to solve problems like that and the "sure-lap" union is the result of much deliberation. There's not a snap or button on it to keep it closed—it's all in the way it's cut and that way is patented.

There's a difference in the shoulder straps, too. Instead of the usual ribbon shoulder straps that seem positively to evaporate when washed these straps are of hem-stitched glove silk! They don't go wandering down your arm, either! They're closer together in back than in front and this angle keeps them just where they belong, on your shoulders!

Whether it's in unions, vests, knickers, envelopes or pettibockers, you'll always find a special "something" about Vanity Fair undersilks that means either added comfort, beauty or wear. They're all made of the jersey silk that you "can't wear out." All the better shops carry Vanity Fair—write us if you have any difficulty getting just what you want.



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AUTHORS ATTENTION!

We are in the market for good stories suitable for the film. Money is no consideration—what we want are bright ideas. Have you a side splitting farce, a powerful drama, a pleasant comedy or a successful play that would make a sensational screen success? We want it!

If you are a famous author who wants prompt consideration, let us have your story. If you are an untried, but worthy photoplaywright, submit your plots to us. No matter who you are, or where you come from, if you have a corking good film scenario, it will pay you to get in touch with us!

We will pay well for the best material! BUT IT MUST BE THE BEST! And if possible material that has been published in Book or Magazine form.

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The THEATRE MAGAZINE

QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

Frank J. T., New York City.—Q.—Where can I obtain an original of the picture of Mollie King you published in the October issue?

A.—Maurice Goldberg, photographer, 19 East 48th Street, New York City.

L. M. A. B., Princeton, N. J.—Q.—Can you recommend a good dramatic critic who will criticize plays at a nominal price?

A.—William T. Price, author of "The Technique of the Drama," 1440 Broadway, New York City.

E. M. B., Leonia, N. J.—Q.—Can you possibly tell me the title of the music A. E. Anson played on the piano in "The Wooing of Eve"? I know it was one of Chopin's Nocturnes. Which one is it?

A.—J. Hartley Manners, author of "The Wooing of Eve" informs us that the piece Mr. Anson played was probably Chopin's Nocturne in E.

S. Y., Saratoga, N. Y.—Q.—I have a three-act musical comedy which I would like to submit to New York producers. Can you give me the names of a few of them?

A.—John Cort, 1476 Broadway; Klaw & Erlanger, 214 West 42d Street; Messrs. Shubert, Shubert Theatre; George Broadhurst, Broadhurst Theatre; Comstock & Gest, Princess Theatre, all New York City.

N. B. B., Flemington, N. J.—Q.—I am a song writer and wish to get into communication with Harry Lauder. Can you give me his address?

A.—Address Harry Lauder in care

of William Morris, 1499 Broadway, this city.

M. W. G., Wellesley, Mass.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Cyril Maude as Grumpy?

A.—Yes—one in the May, 1914 issue. Price of copy is 40c.

L. G., Elmira, N. Y.—Q.—When was your special Shakespeare Tercentenary number published?

A.—April, 1916.

Mme. M. de L., Amsterdam, N. Y.—Have you a picture of Bernhardt in Rostand's "The Princess Lointaine"? If not, where could I obtain a picture of her in long, floating dresses, that could be used to represent her as a Princess?

A.—We have never printed a picture of Sarah Bernhardt as "The Princess Lointaine," but there is a splendid picture of her as Phèdre, wearing a long, loose gown, in our October, 1915 issue (40c).

J. W. D., Portland, Maine.—Q.—Where can I obtain the picture published in a recent issue entitled "Columbia Guards Her Fighting Men?"

A.—Charlotte Fairchild, Inc., 5 East 47th Street, New York City.

K. H. F., City.—Q.—How can I obtain an autographed photograph of Marilyn Miller?

A.—We would advise you to write direct to Miss Miller. Send the letter to us and we will forward it to her.

R. F., Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Q.—Kindly give me the original cast of "A Pair of Sixes."

A.—The original cast of players who appeared in "A Pair of Sixes" at the Longacre Theatre is as follows: George B. Nettleton, George Parsons; T. Boggs John, Hale Hamilton; Krome, Robert Smiley; Sally Parker, Caree Clark; Thomas J. Vanderholt, Fritz Williams; Tony Toler, Jack Devereaux; Mr. Applegate, Walter Allen; Office Boy, John Merritt; Shipping Clerk, Frank Gerbrach; Mrs. Nettleton, Ivy Troutman; Florence Cole, Ann Murdock; Coddles, Maude Eburne.

J. W. F., San Francisco, Calif.—Q.—In one of your issues you published DeWolf Hopper's Personal Reminiscences. Can you tell me which one it is?

A.—October, 1917.

A. A. F., New York City.—Q.—Please let me know in what back numbers of your magazine I would find pictures of "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Could I obtain these magazines from you?

A.—There is a lengthy article illustrated with three excellent scenes from "Bunty Pulls the Strings," in our November, 1911 issue. The price of this copy is 50c, and we shall be pleased to forward it to you on receipt of your remittance.

K. K., Sharon Springs, N. Y.—Q.—Did Richard Mansfield ever appear in "Arms and the Man?"

A.—Richard Mansfield acted Captain Bluntschli in "Arms and the Man" for the first time on September 17, 1894.

L. F. C., Yonkers, N. Y.—Q.—

Kindly give the original cast of "Green Stockings."

A.—Col. J. M. Smith, H. R. Smith; William Faraday, Stanley Dark, Admiral Grice, Arthur Lawrence; Hon. Robert Tarver, Ivo Dawson; James Raleigh, Wallace Widdecombe; Henry Steele, Henry Hull; Martin, Halbert Brown; Celia Faraday, Margaret Anglin; Evelyn Trenchard, Ruth Holt Boucicault; Madge Rockingham, Helen Langford; Phyllis Faraday, Gertrude Hitz; Mrs. Chiisholm Faraday, Maude Granger.

W. F. L., San Francisco, Calif.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Louise Gunning and DeWolf Hopper? In what issues?

A.—In the July, 1911 issue (50c) there are scenes in "Pinafore" showing Miss Gunning. There is a personal picture of her in the August, 1911 (50c) and a portrait in colors on the April, 1911 cover (50c). The October, 1917 number (35c) contains four pictures of Mr. Hopper—one personal, one as a young man, and two in character.

R. L. M., Detroit, Mich.—Q.—Could you supply me with back numbers containing pictures and comments on Mr. Julian Eltinge?

A.—August, 1917—full page picture 35c; May, 1917—picture 35c; October, 1915—picture and review 40c; April, 1914—panel picture 40c; August, 1913—article, "How I Portray a Woman on the Stage," and picture 40c; June, 1912—small picture 50c.

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



Photo White

MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON

One of the best-known emotional actresses of the screen who will be seen shortly in the first production of the Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc., "The Bishop's Emeralds," by Houghton Townley



The mother-tongue of America's millions — the modern motion picture.

BABEL crumbles before the motion picture screen. "A universal language," said President Wilson. The language of the eye and the soul. And the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has taken this universal language and placed it on a plane where it enriches the life of the whole nation with a perpetual new joy.

This season, for example, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is giving to America even finer pictures—pictures attuned to the spirit of the time—208 Paramount and Artcraft Pictures generously laden with the joy of living, with romance and adventure, with song and laughter, fun and frolic, rare entertainment for high hearts.

It is the emotions that are the universal language, and it is the emotions that the motion picture speaks and sings to, whether it be the emotional depths of patriotism or the dancing shallows of merriment.

Paramount and Artcraft touch the deepest chords in *you!* Such is the power of "Foremost stars, superbly directed in clean pictures."



New
Paramount and Artcraft
Pictures released in
February

Listed in order of their release.
Consult the local theatres' newspaper advertisements for dates of showing.

Paramount

*Dorothy Dalton in "HARD BOILED"
*Enid Bennett in "HAPPY THO' MARRIED"
Marguerite Clark in "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"
Lina Cavalieri in "THE TWO BRIDES"
*Charles Ray in "THE GIRL DODGER"
Dorothy Gish in "BOOTS"
Vivian Martin in "YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL"
Ethel Clayton in "MAGGIE PEPPER"
Pauline Frederick in "PAID IN FULL"
Shirley Mason in "THE WINNING GIRL"

Paramount-Artcraft Special

"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

*William S. Hart in "BREED OF MEN"

*Thomas H. Ince supervision

Paramount Comedies Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "LOVE"

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "RIP AND STITCH—TAILORS"

"EAST LYNNE WITH VARIATIONS"

Paramount-Flag Comedy "ONE EVERY MINUTE"

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "ROMANCE AND RINGS"

"ROMANCE AND RINGS"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph

One each week

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures

One each week

And remember that any Paramount or Artcraft Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.



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DOLORES CASSINELLI

Star in Leonce Perret's
victory film, "Stars of
Glory"



Hoover Studios

LOUISE GLAUM

Who now has her own company, and
who will shortly appear in a series of
startling photoplays



EMMY WEHLEN

Whose latest Metro pro-
duction, "Sylvia On a
Spree," has just been
released



BLANCHE SWEET

Measuring up to her name in every way, soon to make her "re-debut" to the screen under the management of Harry Garson, in "The Unpardonable Sin," which is said to be the biggest motion picture production of the year.

Marshall Neilan personally directed.

FILMY PHANTASMAGORIA



SEYMORE bathing suits will be *de rigueur* this season. That is—well, of course, you do not see more bathing suit; you—ah—er Seymour—Seymour—Seymour—but this is no subject for an unsophisticated young bachelor to discuss. Suppose we simply accept the opening assertion at its face value and let it go at that, because it embodies the best thought of Cecil B. de Mille on something which will attract more public attention than the peace conference.

Of course, if you are impatient for verification you might run down to the beach any time next summer—but no; perhaps 'twould be better to go see de Mille's newest Artcraft production, "Don't Change Your Husband," to adorn which these high visibility bathing costumes were designed. You would not have to wait so long, and, besides, in the dim cathedral light of the motion picture theatre your blushes would be less likely to attract attention.

SPEAKING of styles in bathing costumes calls to mind an event which in the welter of world mutations has not received the attention its importance deserves; but when you think of it you remember that Los Angeles now fills the proud position Paris once occupied as the arbiter of Fashion. Or, to be more explicit, what Paquin and Worth once were to Paris, de Mille, a citizen of Los Angeles now is to the Southern California metropolis.

But what meat doth this, our Cæsar, feed upon that he hath grown so great an authority on bathing costumes and such?

Motion pictures!

That's the answer. Not that Cecil B. went after *weltmacht* oder *nieder-gang* in the realm of Fashion with malice prepense and aforethought. It came about as naturally as falling in love. You see for ever so long de Mille has been so intricately involved with them that it would be hard to say whether de Mille made motion pictures, or whether motion pictures made de Mille. It is enough for present purposes to know that de Mille makes 'em now.

For that matter it would be just as healthy for de Mille if some people did not know that he made his latest release, anyway. According to one of Roy V. Howard's inside tips from Reno, Nevada, when they heard about "Don't Change Your Husband," the very title of which constitutes pernicious propaganda, the Bar Association and the Hotel Keepers' Association met in joint session to devise means of defense for Nevada's principal industry. As circumstantial evidence corroborating this rumor it is further alleged that the last time de Mille visited New York he took the precaution

of buying a round trip ticket over the railroad lying farthest from Reno.

However, this is a digression. To get back to the subject, de Mille's formula is: Take an Idea and add money until the treasurer begs for mercy. Some producers think money is not essential; others consider ideas superfluous. But de Mille has demonstrated that ideas do not nec-

essarily injure a photo-play; while as for the financial aspect, his motto is "Cast thy bread upon the waters; and after many days it shall return to thee with butter on it."

Yes, indeed! And then there are the tips on interior decoration and house-furnishing wherewith the Art



A glimpse of Cecil B. de Mille in his study at the Lasky Studio

essarily injure a photo-play; while as for the financial aspect, his motto is "Cast thy bread upon the waters; and after many days it shall return to thee with butter on it."

THIS thing of lavishing money on a production with a scoop shovel involves more than is apparent at first glance. It means the employment in the costume department of the ablest designers the country affords. It means retaining an art director who stands at the head of his profession and who is supplied with a staff as large as that of a field marshal. It means the retention of a young army of specialists, experts and master workmen in every line of activity touched upon by up-to-date photo-plays, which include all forms of human endeavor plus everything else the scenario writer can think of.

More women see de Mille's pictures than read fashion magazines. In fact, you could subtract the aggregate circulation of all women's publications from the motion picture theatre attendance and have enough left over to match the circulation of all the periodicals affected by the sex that pays for the tickets and then some. This overwhelming superiority of circulation may not have aroused the professional jealousy of Edward Bok.

The point of it all is that so many women see the de Mille pictures. Now do you suppose for one moment that a woman could be true to her sex if she did not want every stunning dress and pretty hat she saw upon the screen, especially if

she could not afford them? And when she sees five whole reels just crammed and jammed with beautiful creations, what is there to do but go home and order hubby to go without lunch and cigar money until he saves up enough to buy at least some of the finery that de Mille doped out?

Yes, indeed! And then there are the tips on interior decoration and house-furnishing wherewith the Art

be discussed in the past tense, not by any manner of means. Just about the time people thought they had him placed, knew where to find him in the dark, what does Griffith do but strike out on a new tangent? In all the five years aforesaid Griffith made no pictures for the ordinary motion picture theatre of commerce. Instead, he confined his activities to the production of shows that could be put on at the regular theatres at regular prices.

Meanwhile, the ruck of motion picture exhibitors, under whip and spur, were doing their level best to keep in sight of Griffith. They squandered their money on new and costly theatres with all the comforts of home for their patrons and some prospects of dividends for themselves.

At last Griffith relented. He renounced his appetite for profits in dray-loads and has set to work to pile 'em up in a wholesale way. In other words, he has abandoned, at least for the time being, the making of big spectacles for the high-priced regular theatres and is now devoting his entire attention to five-reel features for the motion picture houses. His first release under the new dispensation was "The Greatest Thing in Life"—there's a touch of California in that superlative.

His second picture in the new series, released just about the time this magazine goes to press, was "The Romance of Happy Valley." That makes three in a row the titles of which begin with the definite article, the first being "The Great Love."

THE late Charles H. Hoyt, on the other hand, pinned his faith to the indefinite article. It was always "A Brass Monkey," "A Milk White Flag," and so on. If these immortals of the theatre had been working on the copy desk of a metropolitan daily and had thus persisted in beginning their headlines with an article either definite or indefinite they would have heard things to their disadvantage from the boss copy-reader; they cer-tain-ly would. And the next time they did it they would have gotten six months twice a year.

In sooth, they do say that in some such way as this Griffith became addicted to motion pictures. One of those Baltimore *-Sun* - confidential-waf-story kind of yarns that float up and down the Rialto has it that Griffith, when he was younger than he ever has been since, aspired to be a poet. Yes, a poet! He did not work at that trade long before his meal ticket was used up. Hoping to buy another he wrote a story, according to the legend. As no one would print the story he had no choice but to make it into a motion picture.

GREATEST PLAYERS IN THE WORLD APPEAR IN SCREEN PLAYS

*From the pens of famous playwrights and novelists, and
in which David Belasco himself becomes an actor again.*



DAVID BELASCO, America's foremost theatrical producer, known the world over for his devotion to the art of the stage, maker of great footlights stars, whose productions are numbered by the score and whose theatres—like his name—are known far and wide, north and south, east and west, no less abroad than at home, who is sought by every writer of plays and under whose management every actor and actress aspires some day to be—David Belasco is once more an actor! Yet it is not upon the stage that Mr. Belasco is to be seen in the capacity in which his distinguished career was begun. Instead, Mr. Belasco makes his bow once more as an actor on the screen. The footlights will not know the man who has done so much for the art of the theatre, but the cinema will carry his face and figure, his characteristic gestures, his acting as a whole to audiences in every city, town and hamlet where there are audiences to be assembled.

Time and again, motion picture producers have sought to induce Mr. Belasco to identify himself in some manner with the screen. To every offer, however, he has turned a deaf ear. No money inducement would tempt him; no other consideration, either, would move him. But, when the Stage Women's War Relief asked him to become an actor again to assist in the famous society's patriotic efforts to raise a huge sum for the relief and entertainment of soldiers and sailors, he listened and—he consented.

"Then," as one member of the committee put it, "we went on—in fear and trepidation. 'We want you to act, Mr. Belasco,' we told him, 'but not on the stage.' He looked at us a moment, quizzically, a little perplexed, a little mystified. 'If I am not to act on the stage,' he said, 'then—where?' It was the psychological moment. It was then or never. For a period that seemed interminable none of us spoke. Finally some brave soul blurted out: 'On the screen, Mr. Belasco—for the movies.' Then came one of those rare, golden Belasco smiles. 'Very well,' he said, quietly, 'whatever you think best. I want to help the soldiers all I can and by every means in my power.'"

* * *

AND so, David Belasco became an actor again. And with him, acting for the same cause—all rendering this professional service, priceless in the aggregate, without a penny of remuneration to themselves—are a host of other famous stage folk. Not only did the greatest players of the English-speaking stage, men and women alike, gladly give their services, but to the list of volunteers also were added the names of illustrious playwrights and authors whose pens became instantly occupied in providing suitable scenarios.

Within a few days, the first of these remarkable productions—all of them two-reel comedies or dramas—will begin its tour of the theatres of the world. Mr. Belasco, maker of stars, is himself starred by the Stage Women's organization in a play by Calder Johnstone, bearing the title, appropriately enough, "A Star Overnight." In its support appear such prominent players as Hilda Spong, Gladys Morris, Elizabeth Risdon,

Mrs. Nate Rothschild, Kathleen Nesbitt, Edward Martindel and Bruce McRae.

Twelve productions—one for each month in the year are included in this marvellous Stage Women's Green Room series. Five have been completed—the remaining seven are being produced as rapidly as circumstances will permit. And even now in the laboratories of the Universal Film Company, selected by the Stage Women's society to distribute its product all over the world, prints of the precious negatives are being made. Presently, every Universal Exchange in this country and abroad will be supplied with copies.

All the money raised through the distribution of these dozen photo-plays is to be employed by the Stage Women's War Relief in erecting and maintaining a theatre in the Grand Central Palace Debarkation Hospital No. 5. This, of course, was explained to the players and, accordingly their services were placed at the disposal of the committee, itself scarcely less distinguished than the distinguished men and women who came to its assistance for, included among it are Jessie Bonstelle, Rachel Crothers, Mrs. Shelley Hull, Louise Closser Hale, and Mary H. Kirkpatrick.

"I am indeed proud," says President Laemmle of Universal, "that the Universal should have been selected by the Stage Women's War Relief for the distribution of the society's pictures. For years I have dreamed, in common with other motion picture producers, of assembling such casts. That, however, has been impossible. Some of the players could not be induced to forsake the stage for the screen and, in some instances, where two or three could be engaged, the others were not available. It was only a great common cause, calling to their generosity, appealing to their patriotism, that could have brought so many famous stage folk together.

"I have seen the five photo-plays already completed and they are wonderful. Take the second, for instance. It bears the title, 'Winning His Wife,' and was written by Katherine Kavanagh. The cast includes Cyril Maude, Violet Heming, Capt. Fred Lloyd, Mrs. Sam Harris, David Bispham, Mrs. Charles King and Louise Closser Hale. Where, in an entertainment of similar duration, could so many noted players be seen? And this is true also of all the others."

* * *

THE third, "Fighting Mad," was written by Samuel Hopkins Adams and is played by Maclyn Arbuckle, Miss Percy Haswell, J. J. McGraw and Dana de Harte. The fourth, bearing the title, "The Mad Woman," is a poignant, stirring drama by Howard E. Miller, and includes in its remarkable cast Nance O'Neil, Alfred Hickman, Paul Gilmore, Ben Grauer, Thamara Swirkaya and her quartette, Mildred Holland, Mme. Mathilde Cottrell and Tyrone Power.

The fifth—and the last of those already completed—is "The Honorable Cad," written by the novelist and dramatist, Frederick Arnold Kummer. In its list of players are Ethelbert Hale, Phoebe Foster, Mrs. John M. Pierce, Yvette Guilbert, the late Shelley Hull, Mrs. Will-

iam Farnum, Julia Dean and Edmund Breese.

"And," continued Mr. Laemmle, "the seven still to be made to complete the series will be presented by players no less famous. Indeed, another great figure of the American stage, Daniel Frohman, who, like David Belasco, is revered for what he has done for American drama and American dramatists, will be seen in one of the productions shortly to be finished at the society's studio. Among others available, who have pledged their services to the Stage Women's War Relief, are Leo Ditrichstein, Ann Murdock, Robert B. Mantell, Florence Nash, Mary Nash, Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Willard Mack, John Drew, Ruth Chatterton, Lillian Russell, William Collier, Julia Arthur, Edith Wynne Mathison, Adelaide and Hughes, Clara Joel, Florence Moore, Fay Bainter, H. B. Warner, Otis Skinner, Minnie Dupree, Alice Brady, and several more whose names have not yet been announced. It is a wonderful aggregation. And the appearance of these great players and these great stage folk in these splendid screen productions means the setting of a new and a higher and a better standard in all motion picture production."

* * *

SCENARIOS from which the seven remaining productions will be made come from authors who are widely known throughout the country. For instance, Louise Closser Hale, famous for her magazine stories and novels no less than for her acting, is the author of "Good Times Evans." This story will shortly appear in serial form in *McClure's Magazine*. Willard Mack contributes "Banked Fires." Rachel Crothers, famous for her plays, is the author of "A Bit of Love." Jessie Bonstelle's pen produced "Littlest Reason," and Wallace Clifton is the author of "Inner Circles." Then there are also scenarios by Cosmo Hamilton, Anthony Paul Kelly, Charles Rann Kennedy and Edwin Milton Royle.

The seven photo-plays yet to be made will be completed without delay and, in the meantime, the soldier patients of the great hospital will not be without the relief and entertainment for which the famous stage folk have contributed their services. The society has funds enough on hand to begin the work. Universal will see to it that distribution goes on rapidly through its numerous exchanges and that the public at large is afforded the widest opportunity to see the society's great film productions.

* * *

CARL LAEMMLE, president of Universal Film Co., has just received a letter from J. A. C. Chandler, chief of the Division of Rehabilitation, Federal Board of Vocational Education, Washington, D. C., thanking him for his offer to take into Universal film inspection departments soldiers who have lost one or both legs in the war.

Mr. Chandler praised the spirit in which the offer was made and stated that if other film companies would adopt Mr. Laemmle's ideas that a difficult problem would be partially solved.



May Allison's next Metro picture is entitled "Her Inspiration"



Gloria Swanson, who is rapidly coming to the fore in Paramount and Arclight pictures

© Evans



Corinne Griffith is a busy girl in her next Vitagraph picture, "The Adventure Shop"



Mme. Alla Nazimova is now in California working on her next picture, entitled "The Red Lantern"



Lillian Gish, the heroine in D. W. Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life"

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



BROADWAY. "THE HEART OF HUMANITY," with Dorothy Phillips. The best thing about "The Heart of Humanity" is that it brings to the fore Allen Holubar, producer. Right at this moment we are going to make a quick, snappy prediction: Allen Holubar will be long and favorably heard from. The backgrounds for "The Heart of Humanity" are the Canadian woods and Europe. The story is replete with well worked-out dramatic situations in which Dorothy Phillips plays a rôle well suited to her. Scenically the picture is magnificent. I think that's about all, except don't miss it.

* * *

STRAND. "VIRTUOUS WIVES," with Anita Stewart. It is delightful to have Anita Stewart back with us once more, but that she should have returned to the screen in "Virtuous Wives" is to our mind unfortunate. "Virtuous Wives," which burlesques society to the nth degree may please the Bolshevik element in the audience, but is a positive insult to the intelligence of anyone with a grammar school education. True, a good director in the person of George Loane Tucker and an excellent cast which includes Conway Tearle, Edwin Ardin and Mrs. DeWolf Hopper have been provided, but taken

all in all "Virtuous Wives" would never have been our choice as the story to bring back Anita Stewart to the screen.

* * *

RIALTO. "STRING BEANS," with Charles Ray. "String Beans" is a Thomas Ince production directed by Victor L. Scherzinger and is a funny story convincingly told, well cast and has in addition Charles Ray who is at his best in a part just suited to him. There is nothing remarkable about the picture, it is just good comedy, and equally good entertainment.

* * *

RIALTO. "LITTLE MISS HOVER," with Marguerite Clark. "Little Miss Hover" is a screen adaptation of Mrs. Maria Thompson Davies' book "The Golden Bird." The film proves fairly entertaining, and tells the story of a society girl's idea of winning the war by saving and selling all the eggs she can obtain. Anything pertaining to eggs is generally funny, and the adventures of Marguerite Clark to obtain them prove doubly so.

* * *

RIVOLI. "EYE FOR EYE," with Mme. Alla Nazimova. Henry Kissenmaeker's play, "L'Occident" is the basis for the photo-play "Eye

for Eye." As an Arabian dancing girl Nazimova has an exciting time of it, until rescued from slavery by a French naval officer, who it seemed to us was wearing an English officer's uniform. It also seems to us that Cappelani, who is a French director, should have known better. The desert scenes are remarkably good, the photography particularly worthy of comment. The lack of attention paid to detail is the big flaw in the direction of this picture.

* * *

STRAND. "THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE," with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron. "The Greatest Thing in Life," was a typical Griffith picture. Typical inasmuch as the story once again brings the same Griffith propaganda to the fore, namely once again we have war and its attendant battles, love and regeneration. However, this must be said of "The Greatest Thing in Life," it is an interesting story of the war, the battle-scenes have plenty of kick and Lillian Gish as the girl and Robert Harron as the boy are all that can be asked for.

* * *

RIVOLI. "THE HEART OF WETONA," with Norma Talmadge. Sydney A. Franklyn is mostly responsi-

ble for the success of Norma Talmadge's latest picture "The Heart of Wetona." As the title of the film indicates this is an Indian story with Miss Talmadge as the daughter of the tribe's chief. The beauty of the natural settings, the splendid performance of the star, and that of the excellent cast that surrounds her all go toward making "The Heart of Wetona" a delightful evening's diversion.

* * *

RIALTO. "THE HOPE CHEST," with Dorothy Gish. "The Hope Chest" without Dorothy Gish would be hopeless, but with her becomes as clever a farce as the writer has seen in some time. Miss Gish plays the most improbable characters in the most plausible way and with the aid of her animated arms and hands makes "The Hope Chest" an amusing and unusual photo-play.

* * *

STRAND. "UNDER THE TOP," with Fred Stone. Stunts and acrobatics alone, particularly when they seem unnatural, are not enough to put over a picture. Somehow or other Stone does not seem at home in pictures. "The Goat," his first film was a disappointment and "Under the Top" may also be put in the same category.

UNWINDING THE REEL



THINK of a fairy prince whose appetite can best be appeased by buttermilk and cake! For a time Madge Kennedy, in her latest picture, "Day Dreams," by Cosmo Hamilton, looks up to him as her heaven-sent beau ideal. The Goldwyn star is Primrose, a goose girl, whose dream that a white knight is soon to come and claim her as his princess charming leads her into ludicrous situations—such situations as make Madge Kennedy stand out as a queen of screen comedy.

This buttermilk and cake prince, or a white knight, as he is made to proclaim himself to her, is neither a prince nor a knight. He is just plain Dan O'Hara, an honest, hard-working villager, upon whom the rôle of a bogus knight is thrust by George Graham, a wealthy concrete manufacturer who is in love with Primrose and uses Dan in an attempt to disillusion her—to explode her dream of fairyland. Dan rebels at the thought of deceiving so sweet and innocent a flower, as he terms Primrose in protesting to George.

But Dan is forced to continue his part in the plot. He is shielding a brother, whom George threatens to prosecute for criminal negligence at his plant unless Dan does his bidding. So Dan, decked in the garb

of a knight of old, presents himself before her highness his fairy princess. She is enthralled and rushes to take the glad tidings to Grandma and Grandpa Burn, who have always scoffed at her dream.

But even fairy knights feel the need of food. So Dan tells Primrose he is hungry and she replies that anything he desires will be promptly on his plate. Imagine Primrose's surprise when her fairy knight blurts out that buttermilk and cake is his favorite afternoon repast. She runs again to her grandparents to let them know her dream lover's gastronomic wishes. They chuckle inwardly and then go into the kitchen for the viands, Grandpa declaring: "Methinks he'd prefer beer and cheese." Dan does away with the lunch in quick time, Primrose noting how much he seems to relish it. Later when her fairy dream is dispelled and she weds Dan, Primrose punishes him for his part in the plot by compelling him to dine on buttermilk and cake for days after their marriage.

* * *

AN old-fashioned country store plays a prominent part in "Sis Hopkins." The star is Mabel Normand. It is such an emporium as

can be found nowadays only in the smallest villages, and it is such a place that New Harmony is.

Down to the smallest detail the store is a replica of the kind everyone knows. Hams and gingham, soap and shoes, mackerel and bay rum crowd the shelves and floor. Needless to say a large stock of stick candy, lollipops and molasses "kisses" are in the glass showcases. Miss Normand said that not since "Joan of Plattsburg" had she enjoyed herself so much. Most people remember the army canteen around which important scenes in the comedy-drama were played. And the same thing happened to the stock of sweets in "Sis. Hopkins" that befell other candies in the former play.

Director Clarence G. Badger and his assistant had their hands full—or rather Miss Normand had her hands full—of candy and they had to see to it that the stuff lasted long enough to photograph the scenes. Happy and care-free because of her fondness for the part she was playing, nothing was easier for the star than to stroll over and abstract a peppermint stick.

This happened over and over again. Once she had begun to attack the candy it was useless to ask

her to put it back. And gradually the show-case began to look as if it needed replenishing. Director Badger was in despair. Finally he had a happy thought.

"If you'll only wait until we finish the last scene in the store, you can have all the candy," he said. But that didn't work. Miss Normand proved a sort of kleptomaniac. She didn't realize she had a lollypop in her mouth until reminded of it.

Then her director determined to play a joke on her. When she stole her next cinnamon stick and tried to munch it, she cried out in pain.

"Why, I might have broken my teeth on this horrid old fake candy!" she shrieked. "I think you're downright mean—all of you." And it took the sprightly star ten whole minutes to forgive her director for having "property" confectionery placed where the genuine sweets had been.

* * *

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, "Doug" Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charley Chaplin and William S. Hart, have formed a combination, and will hereafter release direct to the exhibitors. This will eliminate the middleman distributor.

The new organization will not begin operations until the completion of existing contracts.



Bessie Love, popular ingenue who now heads her own company



Enrico Caruso, whose next Artcraft picture is said to excel "My Cousin"



Sheldon Lewis, one of the most versatile actors on the American stage is well known to movie fans—having appeared with great success in many serials. He will be featured in the Virginia Pearson productions



Lina Cavalieri in a desolate scene from "The Two Brides," her next screen production. Mme. Cavalieri has just returned to Europe, where she expects to start her own company

AS THEATRE MAGAZINE GOES TO PRESS

we understand

Norma Talmadge is now in the East.

Bessie Love will be seen in "The Enchanted Barn."

Edwin Carewe will in the future direct Viola Dana.

Earl Williams will appear in "The Highest Trump."

Corinne Griffith will appear in "The Girl Question."

"Silent Strength" will have Harry T. Morey as star.

Irving Cummings is now working at the Selig Studios.

Charles Richman will be featured in "The Echo of Youth."

Samuel Goldfish has changed his name to Samuel Goldwyn.

Carl E. Carlton to screen Col. Whittesley's "Lost Battalion."

Paul J. Rainey is back in America with new Russian pictures.

George M. Cohan is said to be through with the silent drama.

Louise Huff has been elected president of the Studios Girl Club.

Clarence Badger has been chosen as Madge Kennedy's director.

H. Rothapfel resigns as managing director of the Rialto and Rivoli.

Hugo Riesenfeld is now managing director of the Rialto and Rivoli.

Jos. L. Plunkett becomes managing director of the Strand Theatre.

Billie Rhodes is to appear in a film entitled "The Girl of My Dreams."

"Mother" Mollie McConnell is still mothering at the Universal Studios.

John B. O'Brien is general director of Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc.

Catherine Calvert's next picture is entitled "Marriage for Convenience."

Julian Eltinge's next picture will be entitled "A Fascinating Widower."

All allied countries have taken pictures of President Wilson and his party.

Dustin Farnum is now hard at work at the Brunton Studios in California.

"The Hidden Truth" is the title of Anna Case's first screen production.

Kay Laurel is in Beverly Hill, Calif., working on a Rex Beach production.

"Code of the Yukon" is now in course of production, with Mitchell Lewis as star.

Vitagraph's first big production of the year is "The Lion and the Mouse," with Alice Joyce.

James J. Corbett is to appear in a 20-episode serial, "The Adventures of Gentleman Jim."

The Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc., have rented the Thanhouser Studios at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Mary Pickford will receive \$250,000.00 from the First National Exhibitors' Circuit for each negative.

Famous Players-Lasky Corp. have purchased film rights to "Come Out of the Kitchen" for Marguerite Clark.

The new \$250,000.00 Ince studio at Culver City has been occupied by Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Charles Ray.

Mary Anderson's first Christmas present this year came from Japan, with England and Australia a close second and third.



Blanche Sweet as "Dimny Parcot" and Matt Moore as "Noll Winsor." The specialist attempts to arouse Dimny from her trance



"Noll Winsor" arrives at the crucial moment to save Dimny as she faints



Blanche Sweet in dual rôle of "Alice" and "Dimny Parcot"



"Dimny Parcot" and Belgium refugees, watching the enforced evacuation of the city



"Dimny Parcot" and "Noll Winsor" awaiting their passports into Belgium



"Dimny Parcot" seeking direction from train crew and stranger for transportation to Belgium, where she hopes to locate her mother and sister

"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN"

A GARSON-NEILAN PRODUCTION



(Above)

This winter has seen a scarcity of so-called snow pictures, therefore, more than the usual amount of interest has been manifested in the forthcoming Artcraft production entitled "Shark Monroe," starring William S. Hart. The picture above shows one of the many beautiful snow scenes in this production



(Below)

The First National Exhibitors' Circuit announce the release of "The Fighting Roosevelts." This picture was made just previous to the death of Theodore Roosevelt

An open stretch of land down on Long Island which was used by Albert Capellani in screening "Eye for Eye." The tents are the dressing rooms of the players—the horses are real Arabian steeds—imported from Kentucky and—the machine is not a Ford



POOR SIR WALTER IS FORGOTTEN,
DICKENS NEGLECTED, THACKERAY
DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON,
MACAULEY, LAMB AND ALL THE
REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN—

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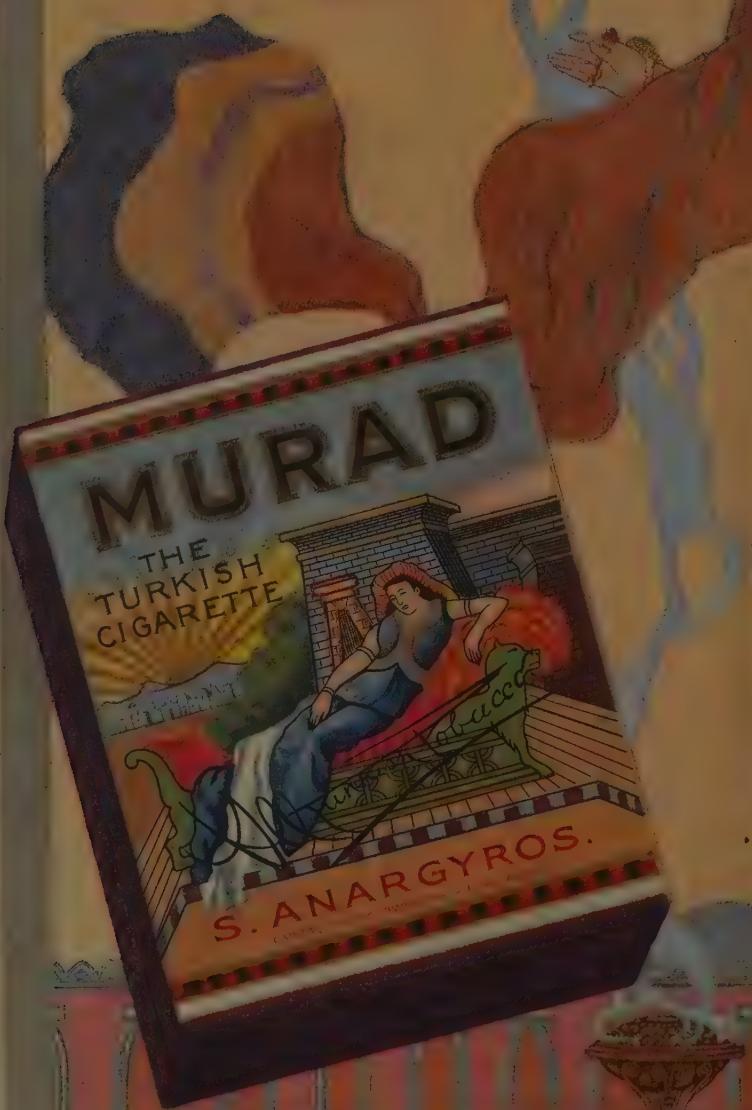
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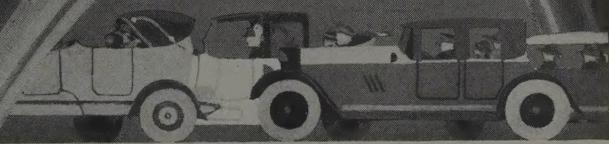
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1919



BRADWAY is running the dramatic and musical gamut.

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But you can choose those you are sure to enjoy. But how? you say. By reading the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Then you'll know all about the players in each attraction, about the plot, the author, the scenery—in everything.

And when you're walking down the avenue in your new spring clothes, and your companion leaves you with the words, "I've had a charming afternoon. How do you keep posted on things theatrical? I was fascinated by your account of the players and the plays." Then perhaps you'll take our tip and become a regular subscriber!



SEX on the stage is a perplexing problem.

Jane Cowl, who possesses the two important B's—beauty and brains—says in her article entitled "Stage Sex—Right and Wrong," in the April number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, "If the Peace Conference would only take up this matter of sex and settle it for the whole world, a great favor would surely be conferred upon all women."

Miss Cowl has other interesting views on this question. In her article, the cabaret, too, comes in for its share of criticism.

We already know Jane Cowl as star, and playwright. Enter Miss Cowl, author.

THREE are shows going on in New York, where the audience is more

interesting than the performers.

It is a strange audience—all in dressing-gowns, on which the Red Cross shows prominently.

And undoubtedly it is the most appreciative audience in the great city, for it hurrahs with joy, yells for the songs it likes best, and stamps canes for applause.

Our boys at the De-barkation Hospitals have all been in "the big show over there," and now that they are back, the Stage Women's War Relief is making things merry for them.

Winter Garden show girls dance for them, high-salaried comedienne keep them amused, and operatic songbirds warble their highest notes for their entertainment.

Louise Closser Hale, one of the guiding spirits of the Stage Women's War Relief has written a fascinating story, full of personal touches, about the soldiers and the shows given for them. It is illustrated with an unusual picture of the boys, and will be in the April issue!

Watch for it!



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ARTHUR HORNBLOW

Editor

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THE PUBLISHERS.

DO you know that David Warfield was once associated with the Weber and Fields Music Hall, and played comic Hebrew parts, once making his entrance in a baby carriage, his face made up with whiskers?

This is only one of the sprightly "Do You Know" items in the next number! You shouldn't miss the others.

THE Drama—Music—Movies—Footlight Fashions—Amateur Theatricals—all these regular departments and many other features in the April issue.



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